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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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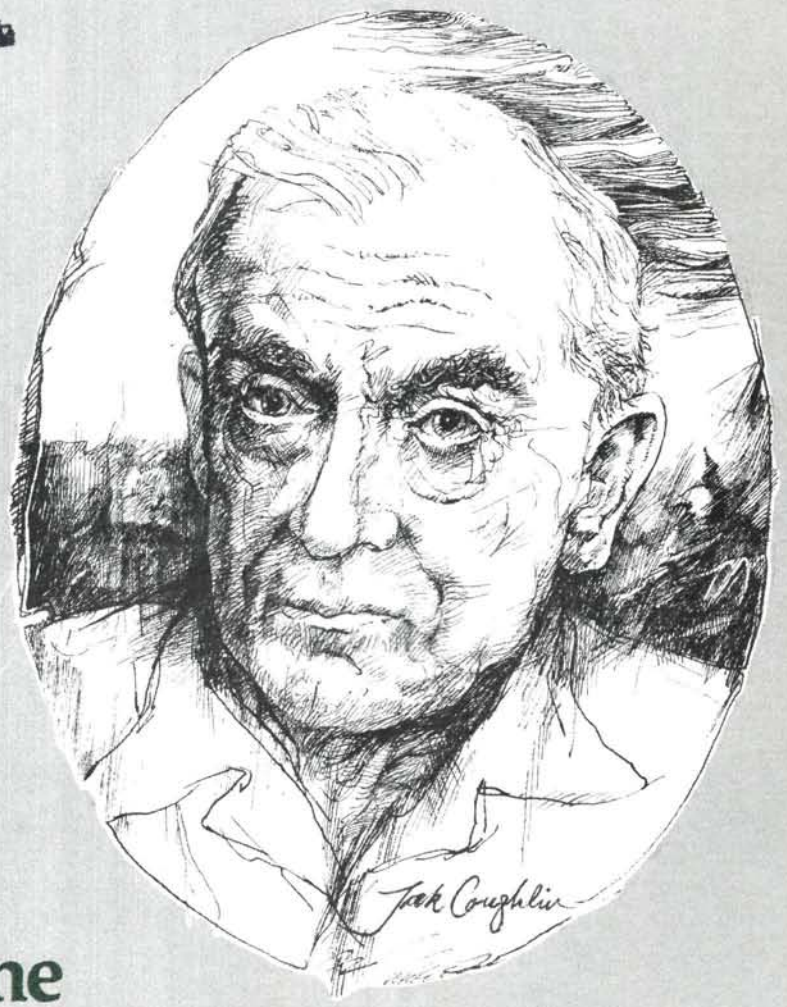

Graham Greene

His Latest Reviewed • His Best Reconsidered

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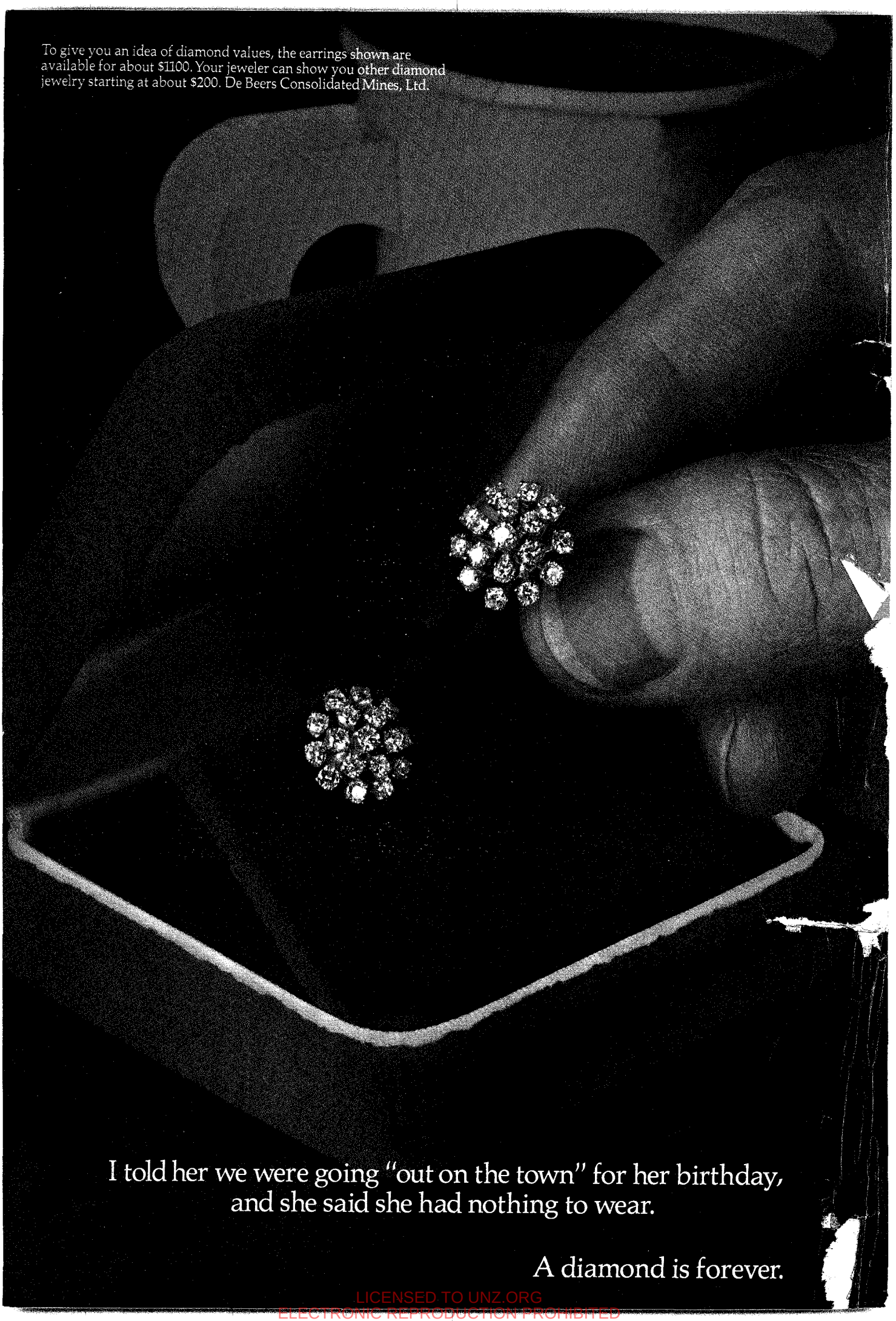
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TRB

from Washington
March 11, 1978

Hand-Wringing

It was fun to see Alan Greenspan back in Washington again last week, wringing his hands. There is a good deal of hand-wringing going on around town these days on assorted subjects—Carter, the coal strike, the economy, and so on. Alan Greenspan, who is an attractive person with a tolerantly superior air, a quietly didactic voice and an undercurrent of intensity, wrings his hands expertly.

Greenspan, you remember, is the man Nixon picked to be chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers a few weeks before he retired (for other reasons). Jerry Ford looked Greenspan over, found he fitted right into his conservative philosophy and kept him on as top economic adviser where he helped give us the WIN button (Whip Inflation Now). Greenspan, it developed, opposed the antitrust laws, consumer legislation and the progressive income tax. He is a follower of the Russian-born author/philosopher Ayn Rand whose dogma she calls "objectivism" or "rational selfishness." Let it be said, too, that Greenspan studied at the Juilliard School of Music, got a high honors degree at the School of Commerce of New York University and heads the affluent New York consulting firm of Townsend-Greenspan & Co., with a brilliant corporate and banking clientele that shows how marketable hand-wringing can be.

Labor leader George Meany made a nasty quip about President Carter the other day: "Alan Greenspan is still over at the White House. He just changed his name to Charlie Schultze." Schultze is the present CEA chairman. Greenspan repeated this taunt to his audience with quiet relish, evidently glad to see somebody else taking the heat. Carter's economic policies are attacked, too, from the left—gadfly Ken Galbraith in a letter to the editor of *The Washington Post* politely suggested that Schultze, Blumenthal, *et al*, make one more try to restore the economy, failing which they should yield to "more combative members of the profession."

To top it off, *The New York Times* unexpectedly editorialized that Carter (who is getting it from all sides) should have stuck to that dramatic $50 tax rebate plan of his, which he proposed at the start of his administration as a stimulus to the ailing economy. I don't recall that the *Times* gave it much praise at the time.

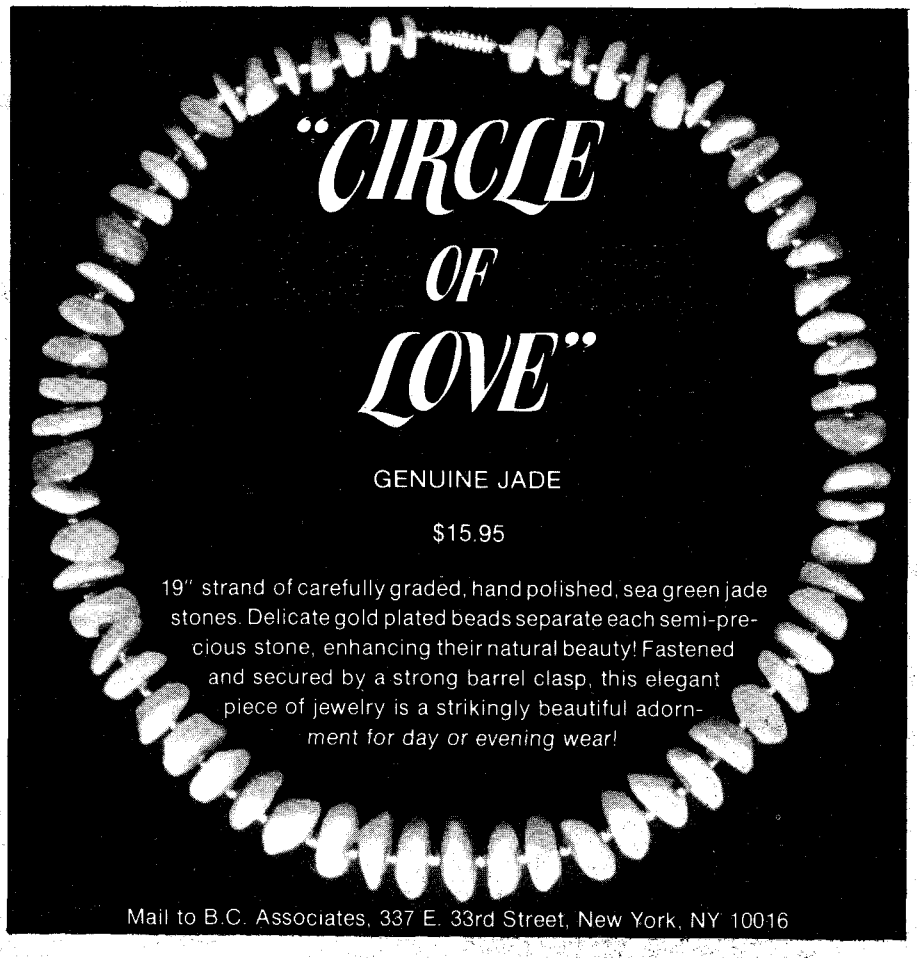
Just before hearing Greenspan I was at the House budget committee, where spokesmen for the AFL-CIO were resentfully demanding not less federal expenditure (Greenspan's prescription), but more. They thought that by juggling budget priorities around a bit the overall deficit for fiscal year 1979 wouldn't be much bigger than Carter's $60.6 billion; maybe $5 or $10 billion or so.

Congress almost certainly will spend more money than Carter asks, I think, though the bad news of last week hasn't been absorbed yet. Consumer prices in January were up 0.8 percent or an annual rate just under double digit inflation; the purchasing power of the average nonfarm worker skidded down three percent from December (the biggest monthly drop in 14 years), and the index of "future economic trends," which the Commerce Department gets out, plunged 1.9 percent, sharpest drop in three years.

I think there has not been a time since Keynes when the economists were so divided on what's happening, and what to do. Let's recapitulate: the stock market, measured by the Dow Jones industrial index, is down a remarkable 25 percent since the end of 1976. The trade deficit, mostly due to oil, is $26.7 billion. The value of the dollar is wobbling on international exchanges (which is bad because there are $400 billion or so of interest-bearing dollar assets abroad; banks and multi-nationals will unload for a steadier currency if they get scared enough). The world economy is shaky too, with a lot of poor nations in hock to banks in New York and elsewhere.

Representative Dick Bolling of Missouri, one of the ablest men in the House and chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, testified on the economy after the labor leaders got through. His tone was patient but, I thought, rather sad. He sees no emergency and thinks the recovery last year was pretty good.

(continued on page 38)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THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 11, 1978

Ignorance is Bliss

After taking the oath before the Senate Banking Committee, G. William Miller, President Carter's choice to head the Federal Reserve Board, told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him Textron. His devotion to excellence and to the good name of his company, Textron, were an inspiration to some senators. Others were simply annoyed. The chairman, William Proxmire, and two Republican members, Edward Brooke and H. John Heinz, could not choke down Miller's repeated assertion of total innocence. How was it possible, they wanted to know, for Miller to approve payment of $2.9 million to a sales representative in Iran on an arms deal and not realize that the money was being used to pay off an Iranian general? Miller said it was possible because it was true. He challenged the committee to prove him a liar.

That was where the matter stood on January 24, after Miller had spent one day in confirmation hearings. And that is where it ended last week when the committee, under intense pressure to get the job done, voted 14-to-one to send Miller's nomination to the floor for confirmation. The lone dissenter was Proxmire.

In the weeks that intervened between Miller's first appearance on January 24 and his second on February 28, the committee staff took up Miller's challenge with fanatical zeal. It interviewed scores of diplomats, spies, military men, businessmen and clerks, travelled to Fort Worth, Texas to check the files of Textron's subsidiary, Bell Helicopter, sent questionnaires to Iran and back and in the end produced a colossal pile of documents bound in three volumes, adding 2932 pages to the hearing record. Senator Sparkman said it was "one of the toughest and most thorough investigations I have ever witnessed." Senator Brooke agreed that it was tough. Senator Donald Riegle said it was a "hard, tough, thorough, no-holds-barred investigation," and he thought the staff had done "an incredible job." Despite its toughness, the investigation failed to come up with any evidence that contradicted Miller. He was not proved a liar because no one could show that he knew that the Iranian general in question was part-owner of the company that received the $2.9 million. Miller insisted that he first heard this allegation from the Senate committee, and his Textron colleagues backed him up. Miller even told Proxmire that he doubted the committee had got the facts right. Miller's aggressive self-defense seemed to rattle the senators, who are accustomed to tamer or less intelligent witnesses.

The committee established beyond question that other people in Miller's company knew what was going on "in the real world," as one of them put it. A former export sales manager, J. H. (Bud) Orpen, was called away from his air taxi company in St. Croix to tell the committee what he remembered. Orpen admitted that he'd heard that the chief of the Iranian air force and brother-in-law to the Shah, General Mohammed Khatemi, was an owner of the company that had been hired to help Textron sell helicopters to Iran. But he regarded the stories as mere rumors. Other people in the company had heard the same rumors, he said, but like him, they did not repeat the rumors to Miller.

Even though Miller himself ordered the company counsel to make an in-house investigation in 1975 into the payment, Miller said, he never learned of the rumors that had been floating around at lower levels. Miller explained to the doubting senators that he ran a big company: 65,000 employees, 30 divisions, hundreds of millions of dollars spent day in, day out. "I hate to say it, Senator," he said, obviously delighted to say it, "but $2.9 million isn't very much" in a big executive's world. He just hadn't given the case much thought.

When some of the senators argued that Miller ought

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to have known the facts that he claimed he didn't know, Miller replied that he may have been deceived. Someone may have withheld information about the Iranian general. A deception, he pointed out, reflects badly on the character of the deceiver, not the deceived. At this point the inquiry came to an end. Having failed to crack Miller's defense, the questioners began to quarrel among themselves as the lunch hour approached. All the Democrats except Proxmire served notice that they were ready to vote an end to the hearing. After a final rumble of protest, the chairman and the ranking Republican member agreed.

The committee made the right decision, probably the only one it could make in the circumstances. But the proceeding seems bizarre in retrospect. It was odd, first of all, to hear a worldly man like William Miller, an ambitious director of an aggressive corporation, issue such a blanket statement of innocence. His subordinates, it appears, had a better understanding of the world than he did. It was just as odd to see the committee's response. Once it had been given the challenge, it went to work in a positive frenzy to puncture Miller's image, as though his very innocence were the thing it could not abide. The process reached its lowest ebb when Senator Proxmire suggested that Miller withdraw his name even though nothing had been found against him. Proxmire said that the Securities and Exchange Commission would be investigating the case and might decide to bring criminal charges against Textron or its officers. No matter what happens, he said, the administration will suffer. If charges are brought, Miller will lose effectiveness as chairman of the Federal Reserve. And if they aren't, people will suspect a coverup. Proxmire invited the candidate to flee before the cloud of popular suspicion. Miller declined.

Bert Lance was offered the same invitation several months after he had been confirmed as chief of the Office of Management and Budget. He, too, declined. But his predicament was very different, and in the end he was forced to leave. Lance set out on a marathon public campaign to interpret the banking laws to suit his special case. He tried to prove that his borderline business practices were routine, not illegal as they appeared to be. Miller has not even been accused of going near the borderline. At the time his company paid $2.9 million to an Iranian agent—some of which may have gone to an Iranian general—there was no law forbidding *baksheesh* payments to foreigners. There is another difference between the two cases. No one has suggested that Miller ran his company in a shabby or careless fashion, while Lance was the embodiment of slap-dash.

Miller should be confirmed and sent to work at the Fed as soon as possible. But we will not soon forget his performance in the hearing room. He cast himself in the role of a saint, and when the senators inquired too closely about the miracles he'd performed, he turned them aggressively. For example, Senator Brooke asked why the committee had been unable to find any memoranda written by Miller on the subject of the $2.9 million payment. Miller said it was simple: he'd written none. "I don't know how you do things here in the Senate," he said "but I don't need to make an *aide-memoire* to tell me what I've agreed to." He made it clear several times that he thought senators are preoccupied with trivia. "I don't check the mail in the morning to see that the checks have gone out." He reprimanded Proxmire more than once for misconstruing his testimony. And when Proxmire was being fed questions by an aide, Miller stopped speaking and said, "I'll continue when you have finished talking."

Miller and his supporters on the committee seemed to think of the hearing as a test of faith, something to be endured on the way to salvation. Miller himself stood firm and unrepentant. His justification sent a shiver down the spine. According to the biblical outlook, he said, the greater the sin, the greater the forgiveness. "I only regret that Textron had no sins, because it will get no forgiveness."

White House Watch

Carter's Bad Boys

In *Dasher,* a splendid book about Jimmy Carter's personal and political origins and evolution, James Wooten offers a clue to why the President puts up with the occasionally damaging behavior of some of the Georgians who came with him to the White House and national power. It's old and very familiar stuff to Carter. Wooten, a White House correspondent for *The New York Times* who has known and covered Carter since he was getting himself elected Governor of Georgia, describes Hamilton Jordan, now the President's chief assistant, and Jody Powell, press secretary and general adviser, as they were when they worked for Governor Carter in 1971-74: "They worked hard at their jobs as the Governor's top aides but they were not of his ilk after hours. They drank and caroused and enjoyed themselves, much in the fashion of other southern men in their mid-twenties, and in a brief period established themselves as the equal of any roue or rascal in the contemporary political establishment." Jordan "was incurably rumpled and given to wearing work shoes and sweat shirts in his office adjacent to the governor's." He wears presentable shoes, pants and shirts at the White House, but never a tie, and he still manages to look rumpled. Powell, visiting Virginia with Carter and Jordan in 1971, got

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Merchants of death

To the editors:

Your recent editorial on "The Arms Sales Numbers Game" (*TNR*, Feb. 18) is well taken in its criticism of arbitrary ceilings as a solution to the problem of arms sales abroad. As you say, there is a need to address directly "the underlying causes of America's arms sales role."

It was rather a shock to me, however, to see what you consider to be the three primary issues. The first two (their military need and our foreign policy interests) are so vague as to be useless, and could well be interpreted in a way which overlooks entirely the question of why we are selling arms in the first place and how the accumulation of arms will benefit any country, large or small. The third (the economic wellbeing of domestic arms manufacturers, workers and banks) can be considered a primary issue only very indirectly; if we have to sell bigger and better weapons for the sake of our businesses and banks, and if we cannot find better and more useful jobs for our workers than the manufacture of instruments of war, we must first face much more basic questions about the health of our economy and culture.

We will head directly to more bloody and more cruel wars if our effective and realistic policies do not face honestly *our direct* responsibility for the wars we make possible by our sales—that's the primary issue to begin with!

Francis X. Clooney, SJ
Weston School of Theology
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Cost of Cigarettes

To the editors:

I write in response to the article suggesting that Secretary Califano's efforts to decrease cigarette smoking are somehow not in the public interest ("Still Puffing, Joe?" *TNR*, Jan. 28).

You apparently have missed several key issues in the cigarette debate. First is the physical effect that this form of pollution might have on non-smokers. True, there is no rigorous scientific proof that this is unhealthy, but there is also little in the way of evidence that it is good for us. It's "bad" for manufacturers to put red dye No. 2 in products we don't have to buy, but "not harmful" for smokers to put carcinogens in the air we have to breathe?

There is also the enormous economic impact of smoking. Make no mistake about it, we non-smokers foot a large part of the bill. The obvious costs, such as subsidies to the tobacco farmers, increased costs of keeping cities cleansed of filter tips, etc. are only one factor. Consider the increased health care costs of smokers (basically shared by all of us through group insurance and/or welfare). Add to that the cost to the economy of the sick days utilized by smokers in excess of non-smokers. Finally, there are the costs to society of supporting the surviving dependents of the deceased victims of cigarettes.

If Secretary Califano helps reduce smoking significantly, he will undoubtedly make a greater contribution to health than by any other single act. It is an excessive defense of individual liberty that so clearly misses the issue at hand.

Richard L. Levy, MD
Del Mar, California

Breaking tradition

To the editors:

I could not believe my eyes when I read your recent editorial supporting the Carter administration's proposal to deploy neutron bombs in Western Europe ("Leonid's Little Letter," *TNR*, Feb. 25). Your reasoning sounds as if it were copied straight from a Pentagon public information handout. The only cliche that you omitted was the government's claim that the neutron bomb is superior to other nuclear weapons because its destructive power is limited to people and does less damage to property.

The most astonishing part of your editorial was the assertion that objections by European governments to the bomb's deployment are the result of "panicky Western press accounts," "propaganda from the Soviet Union" and "pressure from the left." One would have thought that lessons from the Cold War era and Vietnam had taught every responsible journalist the folly of this type of rhetorical nonsense. It contributes nothing to an understanding of what motivates people or nations. And it is especially disappointing to read it in *The New Republic* with its proud tradition of intelligent and reflective commentary on the affairs of man.

Allison W. Brown, Jr.
Alexandria, Virginia

Turkey roasted

To the editors:

"Turkey Turns Away" by Bernard Lewis (*TNR*, Feb. 18) and its subtitle "What Have We Done for Her Lately?" seems to be leading to an easy answer: lift the arms embargo, of course! It is curious that the article surfaces in your pages as the Carter administration seems to be giving in to well orchestrated Pentagon pressures to bring the Kissinger-initiated four-year arms-for-bases treaty with Turkey, for congressional ratification.

The absence, however, from the article of a critical evaluation of the presented Turkish points of view, and the omission of crucial points which undoubtedly color the attitudes of the West and perhaps the Third World towards Turkey are disturbing.

Mr. Lewis refers to the Turkish Republic which "identified itself with the West in the Anglo-Franco-Turkish Alliance in 1939." Then he immediately jumps to the Truman Doctrine of 1947, conveniently omitting to mention what happened to the Turkish commitment to the West from 1939 to 1945. Well, we all know the answer.

Mr. Lewis also refers to "what is seen in Turkey as a negative and unwelcoming attitude toward them by the European Economic Community (as contrasted with the friendlier and more welcoming attitude toward Greece)." The hard-nosed EEC negotiators are not swayed by sentimentalities such as "the heirs of ancient Hellas." Instead they look at figures which represent the vitality and the commitment of a nation's economy. The Greek economy has made spectacular progress during the last 25 years while the Turkish economy has been directed toward the expansionistic and militaristic aims of the Ankara generals. For example, the building in the '60s of a war fleet of landing craft (apparently the largest in the world) with the invasion of Cyprus

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into a fight in a rural tavern and dreaded facing Carter with a black eye the next day. Powell recalled to Wooten: "But he didn't say anything. He just sort of grinned like he was relieved it was nothing worse than a black eye." Jordan and Powell were born in South Georgia in September 1944 and were 27 in 1971. "Carter," Wooten writes, "had known Jordan for five years by then and Powell for nearly two, and if there was a singular mark in their relationship, it was his tolerance for their occasionally erratic behavior."

The behavior, especially in Jordan's case, and the President's toleration of it persist in Washington. Before getting into the White House handling and mishandling of the resultant problems, which is the central subject of this piece, let three things be said. Jordan particularly and Powell to some extent are victims partly of their own indiscretions and partly of a perversion of journalism that Powell at a recent White House press briefing rightly called "sleazy crap." A few of their colleagues are lucky that they haven't been similarly caught and pilloried in gossip, feature and news items pitched at that level of journalism. The President's tolerance of the behavior to the extent that it has actually occurred, and his seeming indifference, at least until recently, to the impact of reports of the behavior upon him and his presidency, must be presumed to have some relationship to the tolerance required of him within his own family. He has acknowledged that two of his three sons dabbled with marijuana. His second son Chip (James Earl Carter, III) abruptly abandoned his and his family's living quarters in the White House mansion last Fall and returned to the Carter home in Plains, ostensibly to run the family peanut business, in circumstances indicating that Chip's man-about-town behavior had angered his father. Chip, his wife Caron and their infant son returned to the mansion in January. Chip and Caron are looking for a house in Washington.

Now to some of the reported episodes and the media coverage thereof, even though the barest attention to either aspect inclines me to vomit. Not that I have any right to self-righteousness about the coverage and comment. I recently contributed the following gem to a gaudily framed ABC television broadcast about the latest Jordan flap: "To have in the White House of this born-again Baptist President this sort of behavior being attributed, and repeatedly attributed, to the assistant whom some people would say is the most important assistant, the ranking assistant in the White House, cannot do that assistant or the President or the presidency any good, it seems to me, and can do them very definite harm."

The flap arose from a report on the gossip page of *The Washington Post*'s Sunday magazine that Hamilton Jordan had spat a drink or drinks down the blouse of a female customer at Sarsfield's, a Washington saloon whose proprietors do not question its description as a singles bar, meaning in the vernacular a place where women go to get picked up and men go to pick them up or maybe just to drink and eat in a pickup atmosphere. Jordan denied that he spat and, knowing him, I can't believe he did. The one certainty is that the woman slapped Jordan. She told *Post* gossipist Rudy Maxa that Jordan provoked her by pawing and otherwise insulting her. Jordan and two companions, old friends from Georgia and Florida, and employees of the Democratic National Committee, said she and another woman who was with her provoked the incident by clamoring for Jordan's attention and company. A Sarsfield's bartender supported and amplified the account of Jordan and his companions, in a 24-page statement obtained by a White House lawyer and made available by Powell to reporters who asked for it and nine accompanying pages of statements by Jordan, Powell and Jordan's friends at Sarsfield's. One of Sarsfield's co-owners is Richard Evans, a Carter admirer who works now and then, without pay except expenses, as an advance man on Carter trips. Rudy Maxa's notes of his original interview with the slapper, whom he describes as an acquaintance but not a friend, are detailed and, on their face, convincing. They include a detail that gives me pause. She said she removed *three* ice cubes from her blouse. It's hard to conceive of anybody holding in his mouth and spitting out three ice cubes. There is inconclusive evidence, believed at the White House, that somebody at the crowded bar pinched or patted the complainant's bottom before she slapped Jordan. Jordan assured Powell that he didn't do it.

Powell has been so frequently and roundly rebuked for his excessive and up-tight response to the *Post* report that I'll merely agree with *New York Times* columnist William Safire, who between 1969 and 1973 was a talented Nixon speech writer and flack, that reports like the *Post's* should, if untrue, "be curtly denied or contemptuously brushed off".

That a press secretary with Powell's intelligence and experience should have expected the media to regard the 33 pages of statements he put out as anything less than a formal White House reply, even though they didn't carry the White House imprint and were provided only upon request, is one of several symptoms of the anxiety for Jimmy Carter, his standing as President and his future now prevailing at his White House. Partly at the goading of reporters who smelled blood and wouldn't let the Jordan story lapse, Powell rebuked and harangued the assembled White House press corps for days afterward and expanded the lectures and protests in prolonged telephone calls—one lasting 45 minutes—to individual reporters. He eventually calmed down a bit and, at a senior staff meeting on February 27, warned his colleagues that they were being watched by scandal-hungry journalists and had better take care.

There is no wish here to arouse sympathy for Jordan, Powell and their White House associates, such as the

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one who—obviously drunk—drove his baby-sitter home in a car littered with beer bottles. He didn't know that the sitter works part time in a Washington news bureau. Naturally, she told her bureau chief the story. Even so, a sampling of recent printed gossip about White House characters may explain some of the siege mentality and the sense of personal persecution that obtain there nowadays.

A *Post* gossiper started the mania for Jordan trivia with a report that he doesn't wear underpants. Powell replied on Jordan's behalf that he'd said the columnist, Nancy Collins, would be the last to know whether he did or didn't. "Ear," a fairly new and enormously popular gossip column in *The Washington Star*, has adopted Hamilton Jordan as its favorite subject, with Powell a close second. Jordan and his wife, Nancy, separated recently. Ear's climactic Jordan item to date appeared on January 21. It began with a notation that Nancy Jordan was "laughing it up" and being "gallant as all get-out" all over town. It continued with this scabrous and almost accurate reference to Jordan: "Georgetowners can't help noticing his van parked around the dear old Dumbarton Pharmacy, in the neighborhood of White House Secretary Becky Hendrix." The van was a friend's, loaned to Jordan. Becky Hendrix is an assistant, not a secretary, on Jordan's staff. She's from Florida and helped in the Carter primary campaign there. The most notorious gossip story about Jordan concerned his behavior at a dinner at which he sat next to the wife of the Egyptian Ambassador. Jordan is variously reported to have reached toward or ogled Madame Ambassador's breasts and said he'd always wanted to see the pyramids, or to have made the stupid crack after dinner when only men were present. The accounts varied so much that I didn't and don't believe any of them—not in toto, anyhow.

By comparison with Jordan, Powell is a minor subject and victim. He and his wife went to a theater in January with a couple they'd met at their church and afterward had hamburgers and a pitcher of beer at a tavern where, Powell had discovered, people tended to ignore him. Ear soon had him on the town "with his pals." Innocuous though the item was, it vexed him. Jordan, who is chronically accused of snubbing Washington society and avoiding the company of congressmen and other politicians, recently attended a Democratic party reception with Powell. A gossip item had him spending the whole time in a lobby, aloof and alone. According to Powell, Jordan worked the guests in the reception room while Jody stood in the lobby, greeting Democrats as they streamed past and approached him.

During much of Jordan's travail in the gossip columns and stories, his father was suffering from cancer in Georgia. He had a stroke and died soon after the Sarsfield's story appeared. In a gesture of heartfelt sympathy and support for Jordan, Vice President Walter Mondale loaded the Air Force DC-9 assigned to him with officials and non-officials, including Jordan's and Powell's wives and Chip and Caron Carter, and flew with them to the funeral. Mondale considered it an official trip. Non-officials aboard are to be billed for their passage. At Washington's National Airport, before flying commercially to Georgia to be with his father, Jordan was accosted by a stranger who cursed him and challenged him to fight. Jordan normally would have demolished the punk. Afraid of more adverse publicity, Jordan backed off and avoided a fight. That is the saddest Jordan story I've heard.

John Osborne

The long-anticipated crisis in American-Israeli relations may be at hand.

The Crunch

In a Washington hotel ballroom last week, two Carter administration officials were greeted with boos, hisses, insults and derisive laughter as they tried to explain US policy in the Middle East to a convention of young adult leaders of the United Jewish Appeal. At the White House the week before, Zbigniew Brzezinski sharply informed a group of senior Jewish community leaders that US interests in the Middle East and those of Israel do not coincide and that the whole world, including the US, is united in opposition to Israel's new settlements in the Sinai and the West Bank. Meanwhile, congressional offices on Capitol Hill and in home districts are about to be flooded with mail and visitors from Jewish groups opposing the President's Middle East warplane package, and the Israeli government has launched an intensive "information drive" to counteract what it believes are concerted administration attempts to diminish Israel's popularity with the American people.

It is not clear yet whether these developments signal another passing mini-crisis in US-Israeli relations or the fabled super-crunch that some administration officials believe will be necessary to "break" organized Jewish influence over US Middle East policy. If it is merely the former, another "low" comparable to those last year over Soviet and Palestinian participation in peace talks, it may be smoothed over when Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Defense Minister Ezer Weizman visit Washington later this month. For example, there is some talk that a compromise might be worked out over the showdown issue presently dividing the two nations—Carter's airplane package. Some Israelis and pro-Israelis regard Carter as a man who says "yes" to

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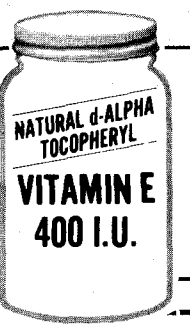

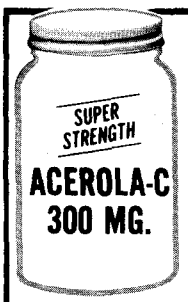

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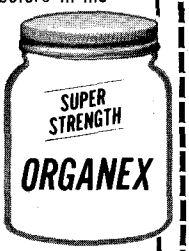

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the last person he talks to and can be persuaded to break up the arms package, giving Israel more of the war planes it requested than the 75 F-16s and 15 F-15s that the administration has agreed to supply, and diminishing or delaying the promised consignment of 60 F-15s to Saudi Arabia and 50 F-5Es to Egypt.

There are reasons to think, however, that a major conflict is coming between the United States and Israel, possibly one comparable in rancor and intensity to the 1975 "reassessment" period during which the Ford administration pressured Israel to withdraw from captured Egyptian territory in the Sinai. For one thing, the administration shows no signs of yielding in its determination to treat planes for all three countries as a package and to withdraw its offer to Israel if Congress blocks the Saudi and Egyptian sales. It is hard to see how the administration has any choice but to persist in its position, if it wishes to avoid damaging relations with Egypt and Saudi Arabia. So a showdown in Congress seems likely at the end of April.

Another reason to expect a political confrontation is that intense feelings are building up both in the administration and among pro-Israeli elements over issues that transcend the question of airplane sales. In Israel and in the American Jewish community, there is profound distrust of Carter's intentions in the Middle East. He is accused of tilting toward the Arabs, of abandoning even-handed mediation in order to "pressure" Israel, of siding with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in his negotiations with Begin. Pro-Israelis fear not only that the plane package would alter the military balance in the Middle East if it were delivered, but that it indicates a shift in the Washington political balance. Pro-Israeli lobbying groups and the Israeli government intend to reverse the shift, if they can, by appealing to Israel's traditional support in Congress.

Carter administration officials deny any pro-Arab tilt, of course. But they do assert—defiantly, in some cases—that US interests are not identical with Israeli interests and that the President is duty-bound to uphold US interests. "We don't work for them," is the way one American official put it, referring to the Israelis. In the administration, the US interest is deemed to include good relations with Saudi Arabia, the West's main oil source for the future, and with Egypt, the most populous Arab nation. Saudi Arabian leaders have been telling American officials, including President Carter, that the F-15 deal is a test of US-Saudi relations. Meantime, Carter is anxious that Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's peace initiative not collapse, and the administration seems persuaded that Israeli insistence on maintaining control over captured Arab territory in the Sinai and the West Bank may cause such a collapse.

If Sadat's peace initiative falls apart, administration officials are afraid that the Egyptian president might resign in disgrace or be toppled by a radical pro-Soviet leader, or attempt to regain stature by setting Egypt again on a path to war with Israel. It also fears that the Saudis might raise oil prices, stop buying dollars or limit oil production, all with harmful consequences for the West. Radicals and rejectionists elsewhere in the Arab world also would gain prestige from a Sadat failure, and moderate, pro-West, pro-peace elements would be threatened.

For weeks, the administration seemed to be engaged in a concerted effort to win understanding and support in the American Jewish community. Some Jewish leaders now accuse the administration of trying to "divide" American Jews and of trying to "exploit" their doubts about Israeli settlements policy in order to turn them against the Begin government. Whatever the intention, Carter, Brzezinski and other high ranking officials have held frequent meetings with Jewish leaders.

At a breakfast on February 4 with three Jewish senators (Ribicoff of Connecticut, Stone of Florida and Javits of New York) and Congressman Sidney Yates of Illinois, and at a dinner meeting February 8 with nine leaders of major Jewish organizations and Vice President Mondale, Carter reportedly expressed deep concern that Sadat would abandon his peace initiative unless it produced an Egyptian-Israeli settlement within two or three months.

Reporting to both groups on his weekend with Sadat at Camp David at the end of January, Carter is said to have claimed he spent a full day dissuading Sadat from using a speech before the National Press Club as an occasion to declare an end to negotiations with Israel. Carter also reportedly tried to enlist members of both groups to urge Israel to agree to three principles so that the talks might continue: (1) that Israeli settlements in Sinai would be abandoned; (2) that UN resolution 242 would apply to the West Bank, meaning that Israel would agree to withdraw from all or part of the territory in return for a peace settlement; and (3) that after five years of "self rule" under Israeli security occupation, West Bank Arabs could hold a plebiscite to determine whether they wanted to be federated with Jordan or with Israel or remain under occupation. Carter reportedly offered to provide the senators with an Air Force jet if they would fly to Israel to urge the principles on Begin. Israel has refused to agree to any of the three principles, and has further angered Carter—this time, personally—by implying he lied about US policy toward Israeli settlements.

Whatever hope Carter may have had for enlisting significant support in the Jewish community seems to have collapsed with the announcement of the airplane package on February 14. The Israelis consider themselves entitled to advanced US aircraft under the 1975 Sinai accord under which they agreed to give up the strategic Mitla and Gidi passes in Sinai. They resent the administration's attempt to link this "solemn

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commitment" to them with recent promises by Carter to the Saudis and Egyptians. They also believe the sale of F-15s to Saudi Arabia poses a military danger to Israel. The administration's cutback of Israel's requests—while fulfilling the Arabs'—is thought to be a political blow against Israel.

The extent of hostility in the Jewish community to Carter's policies was demonstrated at the UJA young leaders convention. When White House political aide Mark Siegel observed that American Jews were divided over Israeli settlements on Arab land, he was booed and hissed. When he said that the US concurred in Saudi Arabia's choice of the F-15 as the best airplane to meet its defense needs, he was greeted with loud, derisive laughter. One questioner accused Siegel and State Department Middle East expert Nicholas Vellotes of "losing credibility" and "insulting my intelligence." Siegel did win a standing ovation from his audience for an impassioned closing plea not to let a chance for peace fall apart, but he made clear he was delivering it as "an American, a Jew and a fervent Zionist" rather than as an administration spokesman. According to one source, UJA conferees made nearly 200 visits to congressmen and senators during their Washington meeting, all in opposition to F-15 sales.

These were indications of a hardening in administration attitudes at a February 23 meeting between Brzezinski and about 30 presidents of big city Jewish welfare federations and other leaders. According to some who had attended previous sessions with Carter's national security adviser, Brzezinski dropped all attempts to enlist co-operation with the Jewish community and seemed bent on confrontation. "I came in concerned," said one federation president, "but I came out fearful." Another participant said Brzezinski cut off objections to administration policy with curt statements that "we do not accept your views." Reportedly, Brzezinski's only criticism of an Arab was of Jordan's King Hussein, whom he judged "stupid" for not entering peace talks with Israel.

Ever since the early days of the Carter administration, it has been argued inside the government that Israeli "intransigence" would prove a major obstacle to peace and that, eventually, Carter would have to confront and defeat pro-Israeli political forces in order to pursue even-handed diplomacy. Israel and her allies now sense a struggle under way and are treating it as though the long-awaited crunch is at hand. It is not so clear that the administration wants it, however, at least not now and on the pro-Israelis' terms. As yet, there are no plans in the administration to send speechmakers out touring the country to promote F-15 sales to Saudi Arabia the way they are selling the Panama Canal treaties. As matters now stand, it appears that the administration merely will defend its airplane package on Capitol Hill. The likeliest result is that Congress will disapprove of sales to Saudi Arabia and that the administration then will refuse to sell planes to Israel. In that event, it's hard to see how either Israel or the Arabs will win, or the administration or the Jewish community. Instead, the crunch may produce only losers.

Morton Kondracke

Inside the mind of Brzezinski.

Thinking Zbig

In the history of Western civilization, there have been periods during which political advisors, especially foreign policy advisors, were chosen because of their national background. Thus in the 16th century, possibly because of the writings of Machiavelli, it was widely believed by European rulers that they should have Italians to advise them in statecraft. British and Austrian consultants became popular in later centuries. The French had a short period of popularity after World War I.

The United States never adopted the European practice of attaching foreigners directly to its government, but its policy was affected by the reputations of other nations for wisdom and expertness in foreign policy. After World War II, however, acting in the confidence of its power and successes and sense of rightness, if not righteousness, the US developed a purely American foreign policy, directed by tested Americans and controlled by tried American principles. In the administrations of Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, the Secretaries of State were, of course, American-born. They were drawn from the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant tradition of the United States. Moreover, Dean Acheson, John Foster Dulles and Dean Rusk also were the sons of Protestant divines, with strong missionary spirit.

Beginning in the Nixon administration, and continuing into the administration of President Carter, there has been a change in preference. Nixon and Carter chose foreign policy advisors from areas in or adjacent to the territory formerly known as the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Nixon chose Henry Kissinger, who was born in Germany, but within 20 or 30 miles of what were once the borders of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Henry seems more Austrian than German, although he denies considering himself a modern Metternich. On the contrary, he says he has been much more deeply influenced by Kant and Spinoza (a combination of a "categorical imperative" and "Spinozan pantheism," one would have to conclude). Nevertheless, the similarities between Kissinger and Metternich are more obvious than similarities between him and Kant

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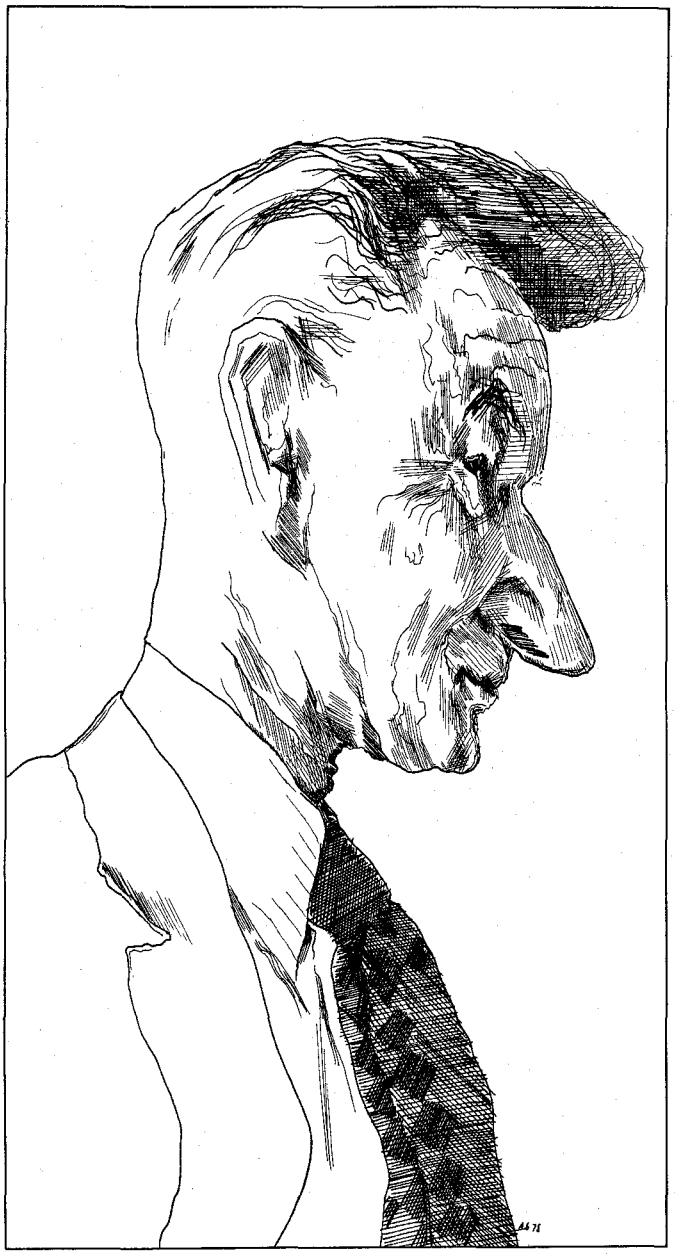

Zbigniew Brzezinski by Andras Goldinger

and Spinoza. Metternich was German-born, as is Henry. Metternich was more Austrian than German in character, attitudes and manners. The same, I believe, can be said of Kissinger. In any case, the similarities are sufficient to have established the tradition of having US Presidents choose foreign policy advisors of the Austro-Hungarian tradition.

President Carter's foreign policy advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, is Polish-born. During the campaign of 1976, according to candidate Carter's "issues coordinator," Milton Gwirtzman, "We had to clear everything with Brzezinski that concerned foreign policy. Carter would ask: 'Has Brzezinski seen this?' So finally all staff memos on foreign policy had notes attached that he had approved or seen them." It is generally held that Brzezinski continues to be President Carter's principal foreign policy advisor and that he is a major influence in determining US foreign policy.

It is, therefore, important to know what Brzezinski's view of himself is, what his overall view of world policy is, what his positions have been and are on current foreign policy issues and, if possible, what the Austro-Hungarian connection means.

Brzezinski has not helped us, as Kissinger did, by identifying himself with diplomats of the past, or with philosophers. He has not written a book comparable to Walt Rostow's *The Stages of Economic Growth*, indicating his general policies, giving us a basis for judging his policy against the thesis of a book and giving himself an opportunity to prove the thesis correct.

Brzezinski has assured us that he does not suffer from a sense of inferiority, at least relative to WASPs like David Rockefeller, with whom he has been associated in commissions and foundations. In an interview with Robert Scheer in *The Washington Post* of February 6, 1977, Brzezinski was asked whether he felt inferior or dependent in his associations with the likes of Rockefeller. Zbig replied, "No. I feel a certain asymmetry of my command of resources as compared to his, but that's, I think, an objectively discernible fact."

In somewhat the same spirit, Brzezinski said that the Vietnam War was the "Waterloo of the elite" and suggested that, had the elite been firmly in control, the US would have won the war. This elite, according to Brzezinski, was made up of the "WASP, Ivy-league-trained, Wall Street-based establishment operating through such institutions as the Council on Foreign Relations, but more pervasively." Brzezinski said that he was "very much part of the WASP community" and at the same time part of the intellectual community.

Thus we start with a secure person, by his own judgment. There remains the need to look at his political judgments, general and specific, as a basis for judging his qualifications as advisor to the President.

On the broad scale, he says that his policy will be "architectural," not "acrobatic," an obviously disapproving reference to the Kissinger methods or approach to foreign policy. The "architectural" theme, or at least the word, occurs in an excerpt from one of President Carter's speeches, included in the recently-published Carter book entitled *A Government As Good As Its People*. Both Carter and Brzezinski seem indifferent to, or unaware of, Aristotle's warning against the dangers of the architectural approach to statecraft as he saw those dangers in the proposals of Hippodamus, who invented the art of planning cities. Of the political proposals of Hippodamus, Aristotle concluded, "There is surely great confusion in all this."

Perhaps more serious than the "architectural" approach is the rejection by Brzezinski and President Carter of the Kissinger "Lone Ranger" approach to foreign policy. This criticism of Kissinger I find hard to understand. The Lone Ranger was, insofar as I can recall, always successful. He accomplished his missions with a minimum of violence. He believed in justice and human rights. He got along well with Indians, especially with Tonto. And, it seems to me, things

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always worked out better when the Lone Ranger turned up than they would have worked out had the cavalry been sent.

Somewhat more disturbing, and more noteworthy, than Brzezinski's broad historical judgments and projections are his more particular judgments of record.

In speaking of the Columbia University student uprising of 1968, Brzezinski reportedly said that the authorities had not used sufficient force in putting down the uprising (certainly nothing like that used at Kent State two years later). Then he pronounced a great principle: that "the use of force must be designed not only to eliminate the surface revolutionary challenge but to make certain that the revolutionary forces cannot later rally again under the same leadership." (One can envision the burning of villages and the execution of a few relatives of the leaders.) He continued, "If that leadership cannot be physically liquidated, it can at least be expelled from the country or area in which the revolution is taking place." He later said that he was not advocating physical liquidation, but simply describing a logical alternative. (He described an alternative, but it is hard for me to understand why he said it was a logical one.) According to Scheer's account, Brzezinski went on to make clear that this analysis did not apply to the Columbia uprising itself.

Before the Czech uprising of 1968, Brzezinski said that the Czechs were too placid to revolt. He added, according to the Scheer article, that the United States should not encourage them to revolt—not because the revolt would be futile, which it was, but because it might be difficult for the US to deal with an independent Czechoslovakia. (That is deep thinking.) Zbig, presumably an expert on the history of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Thirty Years' War, should not have so downgraded the Czechs. He should have remembered that day in 1618 when the Bohemian (Czech) noblemen, refusing to accept the elevation of Ferdinand of Styria to be ruler of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, broke into the room in which the imperial envoys were staying and hurled them out of the window into the castle moat some 60 feet below—an act known in history as the "defenestration of Prague." And he should have remembered that the Czechs took this action when Austrians and Hungarians appeared ready to accept, passively, the new ruler. So began the Thirty Years' War.

In February 1968, Brzezinski had these words about Vietnam for *US News & World Report*: "Whether we like it or not, we are involved in something very long-term. . . . We must make it clear to the enemy that we have the staying power—we're willing to continue for 30 years and we happen to be richer and more powerful." He said that "I don't think a country like the United States can commit itself to the extent it has and 'chicken out.' The consequence of getting out would be far more costly than the expense of staying in."

In 1969 Brzezinski shortened the new 30 years' war by 29 years and called for a cease-fire in Vietnam because, he said, "most of the conditions justifying our original intervention now have been changed." At about the same time, on a visit to Saigon, he observed that "a certain degree of political vitality is emerging." He did not indicate the degree or the measure of his certainty.

In any case, it now turns out that Brzezinski was trying to end the war in 1969. For, as he told Robert Scheer, "It makes me puke [a nifty word to go with "chicken out"] how some others who were strong supporters of the war are rewriting history. I'm not going to do that; it's too self-serving. But someday I'll tell you the story of my own efforts in '69 to end the war."

It is true, as Brzezinski said, that there has been some rewriting of history about support of the war in Vietnam. More and more people who were involved both in the policy and in the program of that war are revealing that they "really" did not believe in it, but that for a variety of reasons they publicly supported it (or did not publicly oppose it). Some say that they were working against it from the inside, like George Ball, who reportedly played the devil's advocate role within the Johnson administration, challenging State Department and Pentagon positions on the war. If George was really against the war, he was not strictly speaking a "devil's advocate," but opposed to the war in fact and arguing for his own position. In either case, true devil's advocate or not, it appears that George lost every argument to Rusk and McNamara and to President Johnson. One problem with playing devil's advocate is that after the devil's advocate has been defeated, canonization of the victor's person and policy follows immediately.

I was somewhat involved in efforts to stop the war in Vietnam in 1968 and also in 1969. In the latter year, I received no offer of help from Brzezinski; nor do I know of any help or any counsel that he offered to others opposing the war. I await the "someday" report of Brzezinski's efforts to end the war in 1969, which I assume will come after he stops "puking" over the stories of others who are, according to Brzezinski, "rewriting history."

More recently, in the closing moments of a television interview in January of 1978, Brzezinski described the Vietnamese-Cambodian fighting as "the first case of a proxy war between China and the Soviet Union." When this judgment was challenged by other American foreign policy experts and State Department officials, Brzezinski hedged a little by observing that "I think the Vietnamese-Cambodian conflicts have a reality of their own."

Last fall Brzezinski was asked to explain what appeared to be a compromise of principle or a contradiction, between President Carter's human

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rights policy and the fact that the President planned to visit countries which obviously did not meet his human rights standards. Brzezinski replied with these words: "I think in a way [what way he did not say] that is not only a difficult question but a very good one." He continued, "You see in South Africa the connection between that fundamental moral issue and political change both within the country and externally. [The President was not going to South Africa.] The increasing political and social consciousness of the black majority in South Africa is bringing that issue to the fore in terms of the very nature of South African society. And internationally, the conjunction between the aspiration for true equality and true opportunity on the part of the blacks and the black states, the conjunction of this with ideological conflicts, really is posing the challenge that the black-white conflict could simultaneously become a white-red conflict—if you will, a conjunction of racial war and ideological war."

That is heavy thinking, the quick transition from national to international complications and the conjunctions with color combination changes. It intimidates me, and forces me to approach the thinker and his thoughts with the humility described by the poet Reed Whittemore in his approach to literary critics. Whittemore, in his poem "Today," wrote these lines:

Today is one of those days when I wish I knew everything, like the critics.
I need a bit of self-confidence, like the critics.
I wish I knew about Coptic, for example, and Shakti-yoga.
The critics I read know them, and they say so. I wish I could say so.
I want to climb up some big publishing mountain and wear a little skull cap and say so: I know.

Confidence, that's what I need—to know—
And would have if I came from California or New York. Or France.
If I came from France I could say such things as, "Art opened its eyes on itself at the time of The Renaissance."
If I came from California I could say, "Christianity was short-circuited by Constantine."
If I came from New York I could say anything.

I come from Minnesota. . . .

But all doubts, inconsistencies and contradictions will be taken care of when the "new world order" envisioned by Brzezinski is established to replace the old approach of "crisis management." Get ready. It was "order" that was offered by the Nazis as an alternative to the "crises" of the Weimar Republic.

Ideas have consequences. Bad ideas are likely to have bad consequences. I would rather have a presidential foreign policy advisor bent on restoring the Austro-Hungarian Empire than one with a vision of "world order."

Eugene McCarthy

Eugene McCarthy is the former US senator from Minnesota.

Getting rich by serving two masters.

The Energy Hustle

by Daniel Guttman

It is against the law, of course, for any high official of the new Department of Energy to have a financial connection with the private companies DOE deals with and regulates. The 1977 legislation creating DOE bristles with post-Watergate morality. The financial disclosure requirements for DOE employees are so stringent that they had to be pruned back by a federal judge who found them to be unconstitutional invasions of privacy. DOE employees must make do on their civil service salaries, and are subject to rules limiting the extent to which they can work for industry even after leaving the Department.

Yet metropolitan Washington hosts a growing num-

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ber of people who are not so constrained. They are lavishly reimbursed by the Energy Department for services allegedly rendered in helping to create and manage our national energy policy; and simultaneously they hold themselves out for hire to private energy companies, offering to explain the government's policy to them. What service they actually provide to either side is something of a mystery.

This prosperous enterprise is made possible because the DOE conflict-of-interest rules and salary limits, like others throughout the government, do not apply to private *contractors* hired by the department, as opposed to its own employees. The Energy Department has quickly settled into the comfortable habit, developed by other federal agencies since World War II, of contracting out great chunks of its responsibilities. For those with energy expertise to offer for sale, and for established consulting firms on the lookout for new markets, DOE has become a gold mine.

At 10 cents a page (for copying), the most recent computer printout of Energy Department consulting contracts may be obtained by any citizen willing to pay $91. Sprinkled throughout are the names of familiar giants of free enterprise. The research and development arms of oil companies like Exxon, Gulf and Mobil are in for millions of dollars. There are awards to General Electric. Almost three billion dollars of public funds have been committed to Westinghouse over 30 years of the atomic energy program. But most of the contracts are with lesser known companies that are not primarily manufacturers or "producers," but rather are set up specifically as wholesalers of planning and management "expertise."

One such company that has turned the energy crisis into a booming consulting business calls itself Energy and Environmental Analysis, Inc. (EEA). EEA has at least 11 different contracts with the Energy Department. For example, EEA received more than $200,000 for "technical assistance" to "support" the National Energy Plan, and $75,000 for "analysis related to formulation and assessment of policy options and legislative proposals in energy, supply, demand, and regulatory programs." The largest award to EEA was $1,681,225.

Meanwhile, EEA also offers its services to private enterprise. A brochure states, "EEA economists and energy experts have been involved in the formulation and initiation of many major U.S. energy programs. . . . EEA can aid government clients in administering energy policies and private clients in responding to them." Among the services offered to private clients are "representation with state, Federal, and local environmental agencies," "assistance in bringing special industry problems to the attention of regulatory agencies in rulemaking and other proceedings," "analysis and representation in rate-making procedures," and "fuel price forecasts."

The brochure brags that EEA's staff includes former employees of the Environmental Protection Agency who wrote a particular set of regulations, and it says these experts are now available to help private clients to "minimize adverse effects arising from" these regulations. Shell Oil, Exxon and Standard Oil of California, says EEA, are among the companies it assisted in "coping" with these particular regulations. The brochure lists other private clients, including the National Parking Association. It also boasts of having advised EPA about "parking management." The DOE printout reports a $125,000 award to EEA to study "Federal parking pricing options." You get the picture.

EEA's founder and president is Robert Sansom who served the Nixon-Ford administration as an environmental administrator. According to EEA's brochure, Sansom was a "member of William Simon's 1973 'kitchen cabinet.'" He started EEA after leaving the government. Sansom said the EEA brochure is out-of-date, and the firm now works almost exclusively for the government. Nevertheless, he declined to provide a current list of his private contracts. As a contractor rather than a government employee, he is under no obligation to do so. Nor need he reveal how much profit he and his associates make from their government work.

Arthur D. Little, Inc. is a large, established, consulting firm that has plunged into the energy market. ADL's 1976 annual report boasts of a "major project" for the Energy Research and Development Administra-

The New American Hustler

The post-industrial age and the mixed economy have created a new type of entrepreneur. A century ago the eager young American in search of riches most likely would aspire to found a great industrial or retailing empire. If he succeeded, such a person probably would be politically conservative, reflecting a sensible desire for the government to stay out of his way.

The modern path to riches differs from the traditional one in three respects. First, what is up for sale tends to be more amorphous or ephemeral, and several steps removed from the production of goods and services that add directly to the national prosperity. Second, these businesses depend on a large government sector, either as a customer or as a generator of the need for their services. And third, the promoters tend to be enthusiastic believers in the big government their prosperity depends on.

This is the third in an occasional series of articles examining the rise of these new American hustlers.

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tion on commercial possibilities of new energy technologies through the year 2025. According to the report, "[We] are exploring efforts that could be undertaken by government agencies to expedite the commercialization of the most promising new energy technologies." The same annual report reveals that ADL is providing a "significant" amount of assistance to "present and potential" coal producers, conducting solar research for the government and the utility industry and offering "specialized consulting services for nuclear development." When the Justice Department and the Atomic Energy Commission wanted to study the competitive structure of the atomic energy industry—an industry created by public funds—they hired ADL to do the work. ADL's report explained that "industry cooperation was enhanced by assurances" that information they supplied would remain in private hands and would not be used by government agencies "to enforce laws subject to their jurisdiction." It must indeed have been reassuring to these companies to know the information they supplied was being kept and analyzed by an organization that regularly solicits business from companies in the energy field.

In the battle for the control of the nation's energy future, the prize territory is the Energy Department's multibillion-dollar research and development budget. It may surprise devotees of oil industry advertising, but these giants of the private energy industry provide scandalously little support for R&D. A *Business Week* survey shows that R&D expenditures by the "natural resources" industry equalled 7.6 percent of profits. By comparison, the automobile industry spent 57.8 percent, the chemical industry spent 39.7 percent, the drug industry spent 52.1 percent and even the leisure time industry spent 58.4 percent. Indeed, General Motors alone spent considerably more than all 18 major oil companies in the survey. The billions of taxpayer dollars spent on energy research and development will determine the shape of the energy industry in the future. It is therefore the industry's good fortune that the government is determined to rely on those experts that the industry also calls its own.

In 1974, for example, the American Gas Association, the natural gas industry's trade association, published a wish list of R&D projects, entitled "Gas Industry Research Plan 1974-2000." The contractors hired by the AGA—including Arthur D. Little, Battelle Columbus Laboratory, Stanford Research Institute, the Institute for Gas Technology and the Mitre Corporation, all have multiple contracts with the Energy Department as well.

Mitre Corporation, which was hired to "coordinate" the AGA study, appears to have cornered the "coordination" business at DOE too. (DOE deputy secretary John O'Leary is a Mitre alumnus. Secretary James Schlesinger himself prepped at Rand.) Mitre was created in 1958 to supervise the Air Force's electronics technology spending. It now wins contracts to supervise other contractors throughout the federal government.

Is the nation interested in geothermal energy? Mitre is scheduled for $587,137 to "provide the nation with an acceptable option which if exercised would permit the timely exploration of our geothermal resources." Mitre apparently found the option it was looking for, because it later got $649,969 for "support services for the division of geothermal energy." What about solar energy? Mitre received $1,464,406 to "develop a set of utilization scenarios for each of the solar technologies included in the national solar energy R&D program," another $200,000 for work on "solar technology transfer," and a further award to create a Solar Energy Research Institute. Coal is a more likely candidate for short-term relief than solar or geothermal energy. As for coal, Mitre has received $2,459,944 for planning assistance to the Office of Coal Research and another $501,615 to prepare the environmental impact statement for the coal R&D program. Mitre also supervised a report on nuclear power for the Ford Foundation and, according to its latest annual report, is "currently developing a plan [under Federal contract] to stimulate the commercial use of wind energy."

In addition to these fairly specific assignments, Mitre has received $1,357,278 for "ERDA environmental analysis of the National Energy R&D plan," another $4,690,087 "to provide planning analytical technical and other required services to the staff functions within ERDA/CCU," and another $377,411 for an analysis of ERDA demonstration programs. And for good measure, Mitre is scheduled to receive $513,223 to "develop scenarios to incorporate uncontrollable factors, the results shall provide the over-all framework for the conduct and evaluation of the study," and $184,842 for "seven tasks to perform technical support."

Mitre's chairman of the board is Dr. Robert A. Charpie, president of Cabot Corporation. Cabot Corporation's activities include oil and gas production, natural gas processing and distribution and the importing of liquified natural gas. Another Mitre board member is Dr. Raymond L. Bisplighoff, vice president of Tyco Laboratories, which has received government dollars for solar energy research and has engaged in a joint venture, with the Mobil Oil Corporation to develop silicon solar cells. Mitre's board also includes Dr. Teddy F. Walkowicz, chairman of the National Aviation Corporation, an investment company with extensive holdings of energy industry stock.

Compared to some other DOE contractors, Mitre has only a modest network of interlocks with the energy industry. Take Stanford Research Institute, for example. The DOE printout lists more than 30 SRI contracts, including studies of synthetic fuel, markets for coal technology, energy shortage contingency planning and solar program evaluation. Typically, SRI also works for

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private clients including oil companies, utilities, coal companies and equipment manufacturers. Its governing boards include top executives of utilities (Pacific Gas and Electric, Southern California Edison, Montana Power, Tenneco), oil companies (Standard Oil of California, Union Oil), owners of coal resources (Utah International, Armco Steel, US Steel), energy industry suppliers, engineers, consultants, law firms and banks that manage large blocs of stock in energy companies.

Contractors are exempt from the conflict-of-interest laws that apply to federal employees. The only restraint on their behavior is a loose doctrine called "organizational conflict of interest" that is supposed to prevent contractors from bidding on hardware that they themselves recommend. In 1975 it was discovered that the Interior Department and ERDA (the Energy Research and Development Agency, now part of DOE) had hired Bechtel Corporation to compare slurry pipelines and railroads as methods of transporting coal, just as Bechtel was preparing to enter the coal slurry pipeline business. There was a great to-do in Congress, but the executive branch explained that the Bechtel contract violated no prevailing government policy. Under pressure, however, the Energy Department has begun to write conflict-of-interest regulations that require contractors to disclose information relating to potential conflicts.

The question of gross conflicts of interest somewhat obscures the more fundamental issue of who runs the government. A longstanding Budget Bureau directive, provides that " . . . executive agencies will perform for themselves those basic functions of management which they must perform in order to retain essential control over the conduct of their programs. These functions include . . . planning of programs, establishment of performance goals and pursuits and evaluation of performance." It is hard to tell from the printout of the Energy Department's contracts with consulting firms whether this standard is being violated. Who knows what it means when, for example, DOE pays a company called Booz Allen Applied Research $256,620 to "develop a program to implement a plan for the federal energy management program multiyear action plan"? But there are only two possibilities. Either the legal standard for delegation of government policy-making to private individuals is being violated, or the taxpayers are paying millions of dollars for palaver. Probably it is some combination of the two.

Europe's social democrats are rediscovering ideology.

Socialism Reborn in Europe

by Michael Harrington

Eurocommunism is a political development of genuine importance. It is also a media event, a morality play, a story in which a man bites a dog. So everyone has heard about Eurocommunism.

Eurosocialism is contradictory, complex, unfinished. It is not good theatre, or indeed any kind of theatre. Yet if it continues to develop as it has done in the recent past, it will have a much greater impact upon the world than Eurocommunism. Almost no one knows about Eurosocialism, but I sense a massive movement taking place. In different ways and at different tempos socialists in Europe are coming to the conclusion that they must go beyond the welfare state and even return to themes they once considered to be unpardonably utopian. The apocalypse is not at hand and neither is socialism. What could be on the agenda, however, is the transformation of capitalism.

Not only philosophers and ideologists are rethinking socialism. So are European socialist parties with eight million members, holding governmental responsibility for 100 million people and acting as the governmental alternative in societies containing another 200 million people. Eurocommunism, on the other hand, is confined to two-and-a-half mass parties (Italy, France, Spain) and is a serious contender for power in only one country.

I must declare an interest. I first made contact with European socialism in 1959 when I represented the United States on the executive committee of the International Union of Socialist Youth in West Berlin. Since then, I have been a delegate to three congresses of

Michael Harrington's latest book is *The Vast Majority: A Journey to the World's Poor* (Simon & Schuster).

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the Socialist International, and last month I attended the International's bureau meeting in Hamburg and its round table on the Middle East in Vienna. I am unabashedly partisan. But I have no desire to invent new illusions since, like all socialists of my generation, I have suffered enough disappointments to make me suspicious of glib hopes. I am convinced that the Eurosocialism I describe here is a reality—even if an unfinished reality—and not a creature of my wishes.

The economic crisis of the 1970s has been the defining event for Eurosocialism. When stagflation began to undercut the conventional Keynesian wisdom of the 1960s, mainstream American economic theory moved right in disarray. So it was discovered at the Brookings Institution, and then in the Carter White House, that five percent unemployment is necessary and tolerable. Charles Schultze, who helped carry the news from Brookings to Pennsylvania Avenue, had been a leading growth man during the euphoric Kennedy-Johnson years; now he wrote lyrically of the virtues of the market and of the "public use of private interest."

In Europe, the crisis of the 1970s had a different impact. In fact the crisis revealed a difference between liberalism in this country and democratic socialism in Europe that had been submerged for almost two decades. In the 1950s, the European socialists had abandoned the remnants of the Marxist tradition and turned, like everyone else in the Western world, to Keynes. In 1959, the German Social Democrats, under the leadership of Willy Brandt, formally adopted Keynes in their Godesberg Program, declaring themselves in favor of a "social market economy" in which private corporations would dominate production while a socialist government, by tax and transfer policies, would play a major role in shaping consumption. Hugh Gaitskell and Anthony Crosland articulated a similar policy in Britain. This transformation involved more than economics. It occurred during the Cold War, after Stalin had poisoned the reputation of the centralized, command economy. It seemed to many socialists that the conflict of democracy against totalitarianism was much more important than that of socialism against capitalism. In any case, these various factors converged to turn European socialism into something resembling American liberalism.

But the European socialists had not become liberals. Beneath all of the compromises and retreats, a socialist conscience and consciousness persisted. The crisis of the 1970s woke it up. When high unemployment and soaring inflation subverted Keynesian economics, most Americans did not have a radical critique available to explain what was happening. Most of our theorists believed sincerely and unambiguously in the Keynesian dreams; they were not bedeviled by a repressed socialist id. The Europeans were different. They did not have to stick to the old faith and turn right (though some did). They knew that history had not ended with the welfare state; they were not afraid, or ignorant of possibilities on the far side of a reformed capitalism. That knowledge and courage are the basis of Eurosocialism.

Sweden and France are cases in point. The popular American image of Sweden derives mostly from Ingmar Bergman's movies and Dwight Eisenhower's sociology. (Eisenhower first engendered the thesis that social democracy caused Sweden's high suicide rate.) Sweden is thought of as a relentlessly rational, overtaxed, tight-lipped place in which individuals periodically erupt in psychic explosions. Yet Sweden has somehow maintained a miraculously low unemployment rate—less than two percent during the current crisis. And there is still a vague resonance to the title of Marquis Childs's book: Sweden is the "middle way" between capitalism and communism.

All of this is about as false, and as true, as most national stereotypes. The suicide rate was relatively high long before there were any social democrats, and anyway, as Olof Palme sometimes points out, it is about the same as that of white Anglo-Saxon Protestants in the US. And so on. But Swedish socialists are now talking seriously about eurosocialist changes in their party program. Sweden has been the very model of a private economy and a generous public sector. Only the socialists there are coming to understand that the model doesn't work any longer for structural reasons endemic to capitalism. In the 1930s, the Swedish socialists succeeded in holding down unemployment mainly because they were the first government in the world to understand deficit financing. Then, after World War II, they realized that for an economy to remain highly competitive on the world market, it had to be able to change its structures. So socialists sometimes deliberately encouraged the death of inefficient enterprises but saw to it that displaced workers got equivalent, or better, jobs. That seemed a perfect marriage of public planning and private corporate dynamism. Yet it was not enough. So recently there has been movement toward direct investment, most notably by using pension funds to finance new housing.

During the world crisis of the mid-1970s, another ingenious policy has been at work. Rather than curtailing production—and employment—in response to the demand signals from the international market, Sweden has continued at a high rate of output and work, stockpiling what could not be sold in anticipation of an upswing. That was one of the principal reasons why that country did not suffer the plague of joblessness which afflicted the rest of the Western world. But it also showed the limits of the capitalist welfare state. The recession lasted longer than it was supposed to, the price of stockpiling rose and the Swedes realized that the end of the post-war growth patterns demanded new responses from the socialists.

One response came from the trade unions. This is the Meidner Plan, a proposal to tax profits, not by the

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payment of money to the government, but by payment of company stock into a worker-controlled fund. The plan represents a move toward a democratic control of investment, not just of consumption. And it provides an ingenious answer to the problem that has bedeviled all of the income policies of recent years. In every such policy, wage restraint by workers has financed the growth of capitalist wealth. But the Meidner Plan makes it possible for the individual restraint of the worker to increase the collective wealth of the working class. And it provides a fund for investments at a time when private investors are often loathe to risk their own money or else want to do so in destructive, antisocial ways. The welfare state normally follows corporate priorities because corporations dominate the investment process. Even when a government gives away public money to the private sector, there is no guarantee that it will be used to create jobs. But the Swedish proposal, if adopted, would give workers some voice in the direction of society's investments.

The plan is hardly a panacea. But it shows that Swedish Socialists, the most famous example of a party that socialized consumption rather than production, are moving in new directions.

So are the French. During the current electoral campaign, Giscard, Barre, Chirac and the other leaders of the right have pictured the socialists as wild men and women who will bring the economy to ruin and chaos. Therefore there is some risk in emphasizing what is most futuristic and speculative in this party, since that would only reinforce a vile stereotype. But perhaps we can discuss the phenomenon of the renaissance of democratic socialism in France *sotto voce*.

The French Socialist party's program for the coming election is a coherent Left-Keynesian proposal, which seeks to create almost a million jobs over 21 months by sharply increasing the consumption of the poor and of the average citizen and by direct government expenditures. The budget contains funds for small businesses that could be hard hit by a rapid rise in the minimum wage, and it shifts part of the cost for social security from corporate payments to general funds so as not to penalize labor-intensive enterprises. The Socialists make a remarkable wager: that the French bourgeoisie will not persist in the hysterical tantrum it is now throwing.

The Socialist plan anticipates that private investment will generate about half of the new jobs. Of course this doesn't look much like an historic trend called Eurosocialism. The Eurosocialists know there is no overnight solution to any of the serious problems before the society. Nevertheless, they are trying to integrate their immediate, and limited, steps into a program that will seriously change France.

The Communists provide a useful contrast. Unlike their Italian comrades, the French Communists have learned little about economics since the 1930s. They have a simplistic theory that everyone in France, except the handful of monopolists, can get together against the monopolists; that centralized and bureaucratic nationalizations are the answer for France; that a contemporary capitalist society can have fevered growth of inflation; and so on. This radical rhetoric means nothing—except the possibility of a victory for the Left.

But what, then, is the Eurosocialist program which will follow upon a Socialist election victory?

One of the authors of the Socialists' election platform, Jacques Attali, has suggested the party's longer-range vision in a new book, *La Nouvelle Economie Française*. "Social democracy," Attali writes, "camouflages [the economic] crisis by the socialization of its costs, and in particular by inflation. [This] leads to a social anesthesia which does not point the society in the direction of a new capitalism or toward socialism." The crisis arises because of a saturated market in a society of maldistributed wealth—and also because the commodities that everyone is programmed to seek are less and less satisfying. Capitalism is capable of solving this crisis in its own way, just as it solved earlier problems by creating universal demand for automobiles and home appliances. It could resolve its present problems by commercializing even more of life. Education could become hyper-industrialized. Services could be automated. There would be a new surge of growth and an even more bureaucratized, dead society with no place to hide from the profit-seeking technocrats of private capital.

Or, Attali argues, there is the socialist alternative. Society could decide consciously to restructure its patterns of demand. There could be decentralism, a growth of communitarian investments, "associative life" in the locality as the prime source of new demand. This would involve workers' and consumers' control at all levels. There could well be a conflict between the immediate demands for equity and increased consumption, and the long-term desire for a more communal society which would derive more of its satisfactions outside of the commodity market.

This is only the briefest summary of Attali's ideas. They are often expressed in the elliptical mode that seems to be a requirement for French intellectuals. There is a venerable tradition of the French Left that soaring speeches before power give way to grubby policies afterward. But that need not happen when a man with the vision of an Attali might become the Charles Schultze of the next French government.

There is a similar, but even more tentative, trend developing European socialist foreign policy. It is visible in the revival of the Socialist International that began in 1976 when Willy Brandt became its President. Brandt laid down two preconditions for his involvement: that the member parties give a much higher priority to its work; and that the International attempt strenuously to break out of its almost all-white, all-

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European ghetto. The last several years have seen a Socialist International mission to southern Africa, led by Olof Palme; an effort led by Bruno Kreisky of Austria to make contacts with Arab politicians, and the entrance of Leopold Senghor of Senegal into the International. A mission to Latin America is scheduled for this spring, to be led by Mario Soares. The international leaders' meeting last December took place in Tokyo.

The dangers and contradictions of this new globalism were very much in evidence at the International's round table on the Middle East in Vienna last month. Shimon Peres, the Israeli Labor party leader, was a participant. On the morning before the International's conference, Bruno Kreisky had brought Peres together with Anwar Sadat in Salzburg. That evening, Peres shook hands ceremonially with the leader of a group from the Arab Socialist Union of Egypt while the guests at a dinner party given by Kreisky applauded. But all was not *gemütlichkeit* and solidarity, nor could it be. Peres rightly pointed out that he was the representative of the only democratic socialist party in the Middle East. It is also the only Middle Eastern member of the International. Peres argued vigorously and effectively for European socialist support for Israel. (Golda Meir is still openly critical of what she regards as an oil-first policy of her European comrades during the OPEC boycott of 1973-74.)

At the same time, Bruno Kreisky—an effective politician, a brilliant intellectual and a charismatic grandfather—is among those in the International who feel that it is important for socialists to engage in dialogue with third world movements. But this will involve relations with parties that not only are anti-Israel but have strong authoritarian tendencies as well. The Eurosocialists have not forgotten the lesson Stalinism taught about how essential democracy is to socialism. Yet they do not want to be irrelevant to the third world or to impose political norms upon it for which the economic and social preconditions are lacking.

So something important is happening in European socialism, both internationally and domestically. The post-war era is finally ending, the years dominated by tremendous economic growth, by the Cold War and then detente. A time of chronic and structural economic crisis is at hand, and new world power centers are emerging. In response, there is a strong tendency for European socialist parties, which had settled for the national welfare state in fact if not in ideology, to return to socialist themes of more basic change, and to look toward the third world at the same time. This is what I call Eurosocialism. It is not as dramatic as Eurocommunism but it is likely to be much more important. In the current French election campaign, there is much more at stake than the usual contest of ins and outs within the framework of a consensus. Two conceptions of life are being counterposed, two systems of values, and one of them is Eurosocialist. The results will be like the British election of 1945, which established the welfare state, or the Italian election of 1947 which began a generation of Christian Democratic authority. If Mitterand should win in the forthcoming elections, then the tendencies I have described could proceed at a much faster rate than most Americans dream.

Marcos's "New Society."

Our Man in Manila

by Peter W. Stanley

I never saw Havana in the old days, but there is something about Manila right now that reminds one, not really of Batista, but at least of Graham Greene: the seaside boulevard lined with luxury hotels and nightclubs for foreigners; the floating casino in the bay; the spreading sleaze of cheap dives and whorehouses; the symbiotic relationship between a government that emphasizes the quick fix of tourism and foreign investment and a foreign business community truculent in its insistence that, corruption and all, this is the best achievable regime. Simultaneously, there is the poverty, helplessness and disillusionment of ordinary people; the ambiguous terror associated with the police.

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Finally, there is that eerie sensation of unlimited power beginning to slip away.

My taxi stops for a traffic light at a dark intersection between jumbled downtown Manila and the glossy modern office center in Makati. A uniformed soldier, probably a PC (trooper in the Philippine Constabulary), stands motionless on the corner. Without turning his head, my driver speaks from the front seat, unmistakably agitated: "The trouble is abuses by men in uniform."

"I've heard that," I reply as the car moves on. "I've heard that people are simply vanishing out in the provinces—some of them voluntarily, to go underground or escape a debt, but a lot of them just gone, apparently forever, no one knows where."

"That's true. I knew someone who vanished. A lot of people do."

"I've heard that the PC has started torturing people again. Sometimes really viciously and perversely—sexual torture, that sort of thing. Even people who aren't suspected of crime."

"I know."

"And I hear that at least some of them, particularly Army and PC officers, are getting rich."

"Who do you think lives in Forbes Park these days? Generals. Colonels. The rest of our new oligarchy. The President has taken wealth away from the old oligarchs like Lopez and given it to his friends and the people he needs. And, of course, to the First Lady's family. She came from a family named Romualdez. You know MERALCO (the former name of the Manila Electric Company, which produces most of the electric power in the country)? It used to be Lopez. Now it's Romualdez. The rest of us are poorer than ever."

I was puzzled by this conversation. Filipinos who deal with tourists invariably praise the martial law regime and "the First Family," often repetitiously and in identical phrases. My taxi ride had started on this note, the driver speaking proudly of the relatively safer and cleaner streets, the impressive new cultural center and convention complex and the overwhelming endorsement of President Ferdinand Marcos in a recent referendum. "The people really like our president," he had concluded; "everything is better now."

Now, his privacy assured by the flow of traffic, he was speaking animatedly of corruption, abuses of power, and, above all, poverty. Real income has fallen under Marcos's "New Society," and the regime's most visible response thus far has been to promote foreign investment and to destroy slums and relocate families in the countryside. Some of the relocation sites are a two hour bus ride from Manila. As a result, jobholding members of the family find it cheaper and easier to live in the city six days a week and return to the family on Sundays. "You can imagine what that does to family life," a sociologist later said to me, "and, beyond that, how it divides and wastes family income."

"Would another president make any difference?" I asked the driver. For a long time he said nothing, and I realized that I had been careless asking such a question while the cab was stopped in traffic alongside other vehicles with open windows. To break the silence, I volunteered that the following morning I was to see former Senator Lorenzo M. Tañada, the leading constitutional lawyer of the country and a major critic of the regime.

"It is good for you to talk with such people," the driver finally replied. "They can tell you things that I am afraid to say."

"We are making a record of this time," Tañada said, "establishing certain precedents, preserving certain values and procedures that others can build upon later. But in truth we are no more than dry leaves blown by a wind."

The senator is a white-haired old man with a striking, cragged face that bespeaks "character"—strong, expressive, with large brown eyes that flash with warmth, wit and self-confidence. They are eyes that have seen a great deal. Tañada was one of the original founders of the civil liberties union of the Philippines before World War II and later, under President Sergio Osmeña, the chief prosecutor of the elite Filipinos who collaborated during the Japanese occupation. An arch-nationalist and a political independent, he served four terms in the Senate, where he built a reputation for exposing corruption. "He is no angel," an American friend had told me, "but he is the only honest Filipino politician."

He was at a meeting of the Inter-parliamentary Union in Rome when Marcos declared martial law, suppressed the legislature, and jailed many opposition leaders. Against the advice of family and friends, he decided to return to the country and take his chances. At the Manila airport, with all nine of his children, his law partners and many of his friends watching apprehensively, he was so frightened that when a kindly customs inspector tried to ignore his new tape recorder, he demanded the right to pay duty on it, lest that be a trap. But it wasn't. Probably because of his advanced age—he had retired from the Senate the year before—and his having endorsed Marcos in the last free

Coming:
Garry Trudeau
interviews
the Secretary of Symbolism.

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election, he was allowed to resume normal life, including his law practice. Within hours, he had volunteered to defend his former colleagues. Even now that most of them are free, he continues to defend both the famous, such as former Senator Benigno Aquino, and many little people who remain imprisoned.

Tañada is indeed a fountain of information about the underside of the New Society. Like many other Filipinos—including supporters of Marcos—he sees it as primarily a way to make certain people rich. Even power, he contends, is only a means to garner wealth and protect it. The corruption that many describe sadly as a poison draining the life from the New Society, he sees as its essence. ("Can you believe it," he remarked with patrician scorn of one of the new oligarchs, "he even cheats at golf!")

But Tañada's concept of corruption, while it emphasizes money, goes much deeper. Against the advice of more pragmatic critics of the regime, he insisted upon challenging the constitutionality of martial law and particularly the legitimacy of the new constitution approved under Marcos's rule without benefit of secret ballot. His friends' argument was that the courts, being under Marcos's control, would simply take the occasion to confirm the constitutionality of the regime. Tañada's was that opponents have to keep the issue of principle alive. His friends were right. In a pusillanimous ruling, the Supreme Court held that although the ratification procedures had been improper, the new constitution was in effect anyway, *de facto*.

Why have so many leaders ducked so many issues, Tañada asks. Why do people who willingly participated in the constitutional convention and signed its report now spend their time circulating underground manuscripts describing how the convention was bought off or strong-armed by the Marcos forces? Why didn't they act when it might have done some good—resign *en masse* at the time, for example, instead of waiting several years to write a memoir?

The Senator didn't answer his own question, and out of misguided tact I did not press him. But I could not help wondering whether he was recalling the collaborators he had tried to prosecute after World War II. The Filipino elite, despite its changing composition, has behaved with remarkable consistency over the years. Needing political power to protect their social and economic interests, its members have fought each other for office but seldom for principle. Every convincing source of power—Spain, America, Japan and now Marcos—has found most of the elite willing to collaborate to protect their class interests.

Coming Next Week:

John Kenneth Galbraith on the Dulles Clan.

Most Filipinos—even in Manila, which is more intensely politicized than any other peaceful part of the country—probably do not share Tañada's sense of principle or my driver's quiet passion. There is little doubt that Marcos would win an honest election, if he should ever choose to have one in place of the blatantly rigged referenda and plebiscites he now runs. But everywhere in Manila one hears voices of confusion and disillusionment. Martial law was presented to the Filipino people as a necessary and desirable trade-off: political liberty in return for law and order, reform and development. There is a widespread sense now that the bargain has not been kept.

There are significant achievements to the credit of the Marcos regime. There has been some real reform: the streets are safer and cleaner, some tenants in the rice-growing region of Central Luzon have benefited from land reform, some public services are provided more efficiently and honestly than in the past. Useful public works have been constructed in the provinces, particularly roads, schools and water projects.

Foreign relations with Russia and China have been rationalized, and the country plays a major role in Asian regional diplomacy. A group of very competent technocrats, sheltered beneath Marcos's authority, have improved both planning and the implementation of policy. And there seems to be some movement toward liberalization: there is more freedom of speech, there are fewer political prisoners and there is at least the promise of local and legislative elections in the near future.

But each of these achievements has to be heavily qualified. The basic reform programs, for example, have lost their momentum. Some have gone completely sour. Land reform has been stalled for years. Crime is increasing, and there is a strong suspicion that the police—the only legal possessors of guns—are implicated in much of it. Corruption in public office is pervasive.

Roads and schools have been constructed, but other critically important public works and services are not being provided. Housing is now a major problem, especially in Manila; and the tremendous increase in construction costs attributable to the government's own ceremonial and display projects is an important part of the cause. Health care is an almost universal problem. Every Filipino with whom I spoke complained either about the availability or the cost of health care. "If you are poor," said one, "it is as simple as this: you get sick, you die." As showy research projects such as

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the Philippine Heart Center for Asia multiply in Greater Manila, most of the country suffers an appalling lack of medical personnel and facilities. Even something as basic as drinking water is still difficult to obtain for many provincial Filipinos.

The foreign policy successes of the government have to be balanced against the complete failure of its attempts to settle the civil war in Mindanao through Arab intervention and its loss of initiative in the negotiations with the United States over the future of Subic Bay and Clark Field.

The new technocrats, for all their talent, turn out to be exceedingly vulnerable. The really good ones are few in number and lack support or backup in the political and bureaucratic structures around them. The rationalized criteria and quasi-scientific expertise of the technocrats jar against the familial back-scratching ethic of most Filipinos. They are resented in the bureaucracy and the public at large as cold, impersonal, power-grabbing egotists. "He has the reputation," I was told earnestly of a leading technocrat, "that when he makes up his mind, he *will not* change it—even for a friend!"

The liberalization of the past year, which is real and evident, is partially offset by something approaching a sense of terror over the activities of the PC and the Army. "Never underestimate Marcos's secret police," a friend said, his eyes darting quickly around the tables in the restaurant. "People really are disappearing and being tortured. Not here in Manila, but in the countryside. And the fact that no one knows exactly how prevalent this is or just who is doing it or why it is happening adds to the horror of it. You just don't know who it will strike, or when."

Beyond all of this, people are at least vaguely aware of certain structural difficulties plaguing the regime. I say vaguely, because with the very effective censorship of the press, Filipinos know less about many aspects of their own country today than we do. A Manila publisher said to me, "I would like to know how large our army is. I would like to know what is happening in Mindanao. I would like to know about Herdis [a conglomerate headed by Herminio T. Disini, a fast-rising friend of President Marcos who is widely rumored to be a front for the President's business ventures]. I hear a lot of rumors, and I read *Newsweek* or the *Far Eastern Economic Review* when the authorities let them through. But I just don't know."

One major problem is the Army. Now estimated to have about 220,000 soldiers, it is a tremendous drain on the precarious economy of the country. It saps public confidence through the profiteering of its officers and the often wildly undisciplined behavior of its troops. During my visit, Army and PC forces in Zamboanga, one of the hot spots in the civil war with the Moslems, shot it out with each other in the streets of the city, leaving seven soldiers dead. It has been an article of faith among many Christians in Mindanao for years that the most effective way to pacify the Moslems would be to send the Army home. But there is real doubt that Marcos can effectively discipline, let alone reduce, the Army. It is too critical to the maintenance of his power.

Another problem is the two major insurgencies that ostensibly justify so large a military establishment. Not only has fighting been renewed in the south, but the self-described Maoists of the NPA (New People's Army) are spreading beyond their established base areas in Central and Northeastern Luzon into other parts of the archipelago. In the short term, the NPA has only nuisance value. But with improved weaponry now being reported and a new emphasis upon political organization and indoctrination, it poses a serious long-term threat. It is unlikely that Marcos really wishes to end either of these insurgencies, since they justify his imposition of martial law and help to justify the concentration of power in his hands. But it is clear that he does not want them to become unmanageable and increase the budgetary burden.

The most serious structural problems facing the Philippines may be the lack of political alternatives to Marcos, and the government's inability to deliver the kind of economic development that produces prosperity for ordinary people.

The first of these is simple and stark. Possibly the greatest success of martial law has been the elimination of alternatives, rivals or likely successors to Marcos, other than his wife. This creates an inherently unstable situation that worries even many of the president's supporters.

The second is not altogether Marcos's fault. Anyone attempting to promote the Philippine economy would have been hindered by the oil crisis and the weak world markets for most of the agricultural staples the country exports. It is perhaps more reasonable to criticize him for the inefficiency of the government bureaucracy and some major tactical errors in disposing of the sugar crop. But the major economic failure of the government has been its staggering misallocation of resources to build display projects in and around Manila. The rash of large new hotels built with government credit (and currently operating at 23 percent of occupancy), the elaborate convention and cultural centers (beautiful in their way, but grandiose to a degree that would shame even the richest of countries), and the project to fill in a large part of Manila Bay for a "new city" of prestigious offices, hotels, and internationally-oriented activities have been built in a country where real income has fallen, where there are practically no rural hospitals and where several million people lack drinkable water. The consequences of this policy will afflict the nation for years to come: in the high construction costs that retard housing starts, in dislocated families, in the hasty immigration of construction workers from the provinces to swell Manila's already teeming slums.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Matters of Values

An Unmarried Woman (20th Century-Fox). Sometimes I get the feeling that a film was commissioned. Bertolucci's *1900* seemed to have been ordered up by an international cartel of film journals, particularly those of radical-structuralist bent, to supply material for many years of discussion. This new film, written and directed by Paul Mazursky, seems to have been commissioned by *New York* magazine. Want to know what's in—everything from lunching places to emotional crises? Don't miss it.

From the film-world's view, *An Unmarried Woman* can also be seen as a cooked-up response to the demand for more pictures about women. That cry reached its peak about two years ago just about the time that *Woman* must have been planned. The picture makes us feel that a product has been manufactured for a market: considered as carefully, packaged as smartly, as a new deodorant.

The audience for this film, which of course includes men—let's call it the *Annie Hall* audience, though Woody Allen's picture is much more authentic—is best reached through Europeanism. That is, the maker must learn a lot from the best European films of the 1960s. I'm one of those who long deplored the absence in America of the personal film. That loss is beginning to be made up—or was, before the money crunch got crunchier. But there's a considerable difference between film-making that is personal as the inevitable result of genuinely impelled genuine talent and film-making that merely imitates the surfaces of the former. Mazursky has proved, past reasonable doubt, that he is only a shallow man with prestige-hunger. Here he plunks down a big chunk of evidence to help prove the point further. He thinks that, by merely dawdling, he is dwelling inwardly; by merely omitting plot trickery, he is transmuting Real Life into drama; by sliding in and out of sequences sideways, he is avoiding corny head-on storytelling and thereby earning Brownie points. In *Blume in Love* and *Next Stop, Greenwich Village* Mazursky proceeded by negatives: he *didn't* do conventional things and therefore thought he was doing good things. Among his few really positive actions have been his imitations of Fellini in *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* and *Alex in Wonderland* (which included an actual visit to Fellini). His best film so far was *Harry and Tonto*, but even that had a smell of a 1930s Norman Corwin radio script—let's put a few warts on a sentimental picture and call it realistic—and it was maimed further because Mazursky thinks that Art Carney is an actor.

And now he thinks that Jill Clayburgh is an engrossing screen figure. Clayburgh was passable in *Semi-Tough* where she was one of a trio of jokesters, and anyway Burt Reynolds was carrying the personality ball; but this picture is supposed to take place within the recesses of her soul, she is supposed to *contain* the story. And she is only a slick mannequin, seemingly made of chrome. I have a feeling that if you flicked her with your finger, she would ping.

But even if the leading role had been played by a woman who can command interest—say Jane Fonda at her best, even her second-best—the film still would be loaded with clichés, old and new. Old: the establishing shot, right at the start of the Manhattan skyline. (Question for a film-school seminar: Why are all establishing shots of Manhattan photographed from Long Island looking west? Why, in the 82-year history of film, has there never been *one* shot from New Jersey looking east at an equally characteristic Manhattan skyline?) And, through the film, there are lots of mirror shots. Some fine directors have used mirror shots and have not always justified them, compositionally, thematically or otherwise. With Mazursky justification never arises. He simply uses mirror shots.

Newer clichés: long quarrel scenes between two people, usually two women, that end with tension, silence, then a sudden flood of tears and embraces—supermarket Chekhov. A precocious child—this time a 15-year-old daughter (played by a most unappealing girl) who senses every time that her parents have made love and makes cracks about it. A therapist, in what are apparently unscripted scenes. I thought that the dialogue of these scenes, between Clayburgh and this female therapist, were intended as a parody of glycerine-lozenge counselling. I learned later that the woman playing the therapist *is* a practising therapist. Since this is so, since what she says here and is willing to be represented by is apparently the sort of thing she says in her practice at $50 an hour, it would verge on the libelous to say what I think of it and her.

The story begins with a shot of Clayburgh and her husband jogging. ("Jogging's in," says the picture. "Let's be the first ones to use it.") He's a broker; she works in a SoHo art gallery. They live in a tall new apartment house. (Personal hook: that house was built recently on the site of the small apartment house where I lived between ages 7 and 17.) Everything seems swell and glossy between them and their daughter—until he leaves for another woman. Then Clayburgh has to "find herself." Lots of talk with the women friends whom she sees regularly, lots of talk with the therapist, one-night sex with a painter just to see what sex is like without love, then a "real" affair with another painter. This last part, an earthy Jewish type, sounds as if it had been

Films Worth Seeing

Blue Collar. Paul Schrader's script about Detroit auto workers shifts gears gratingly, but his direction makes their world vivid.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Sensorily stunning. The god from the machine—not the space machine but film technology.

Saturday Night Fever. Good portrait of a separate city within New York. John Travolta is sharply dressed lightning.

The Turning Point. The plot is suds. The dancing, by Mikhail Baryshnikov and other ballet figures, makes it float.

SK

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written for Elliott Gould. It's played by Alan Bates—with the inclusion of a line or two about London.

The motions of the story are not what cripple it—it's the low level of insight and the pervasive sense of exploitation, right down there with *Diary of a Mad Housewife* and *Play It As It Lays*. It's what once would have been called woman's-magazine fiction, here updated with broad language, fairly explicit sex, and a seasoning of *Angst*. It's the romance of the indefinite ending, instead of the happy *or* unhappy ending. Instead of dreaming in the provinces or in metropolises of living on a yacht, this picture lets you dream of living in a high-rise, jogging to no spiritual avail, humping somewhat too pragmatically, and having an Identity Crisis. But the 1978 confection is basically just as confectionery as the 1938 antecedent.

It's a little worse than that because this picture carries a buried insult to its ostensible subject. Finally the picture says that what a woman really needs is a man: that's what will solve her identity problems and all her other problems. The New Woman's troubles are cleared away just like Joan Crawford's—by Mr. Right. Is that all there is to the New Selfhood? Most young women apparently still like living with men: some of them, though there are those who insist on keeping their own names, still like to get married. But I doubt that many of them look for a man to take the burden of independence off their shoulders, as the old mythology has it and as, under the mod glitz, Mazursky persists.

As the husband Michael Murphy is like good wallpaper, not jarring, just not really visible. Cliff Gorman, as the one-night stand, is just as grating as he is in *Chapter Two* on Broadway. Alan Bates is between planes.

Oh, yes. The music by Bill Conti is raucous.

Note on Medical Ethics. In *The New York Times*, Feb. 20, '78, Edward B. Fiske reports:

> *Courses on ethics, once confined largely to departments of theology and philosophy, have moved into the mainstream of American universities and professional schools. At least half of the country's 116 medical schools . . . now have humanities departments or regular programs in medical ethics. . .*

Reading this article soon after seeing *Coma*, I found it depressing. The Harvard School of Medicine offers courses in ethics and moral philosophy (the registrar's office informs me). *Coma*, the novel, was written by Robin Cook, a graduate of that school who now teaches there; the screenplay was written and directed by Michael Crichton, another graduate of the school. I won't repeat my reasons for thinking the film is a disgrace to them. (See *TNR*, Feb. 18.) Perhaps the film gave a qualm or two to the Harvard teachers of ethics and moral philosophy. For myself, I can only marvel at the Cook-Crichton ability to compartmentalize values. Within medical practice and teaching, high standards, presumably. Outside such practice and teaching, any exploitation of medical knowledge for a buck.

Michael Ullman on jazz

Neal Hefti

Neal Hefti is a sandy-haired man in his mid-fifties, gracious and articulate. Known to jazz fans for his arrangements and compositions for Woody Herman ("Wildroot" and "The Good Earth") and for his 60 or so pieces for Count Basie, Hefti has also had a distinguished career in popular music, writing and arranging for movies and television, for the Maguire Sisters, Kate Smith, Arthur Godfrey and others. "L'il Darlin'" for the Basie band is his best known jazz piece, but the theme from "Batman" is his most lucrative composition. In the past year Hefti has moved from Los Angeles, where he lived and worked in the studios for over 15 years, to Boston—the home of his wife, singer Frances Wayne. Recently a friend and I talked to him in his Brookline apartment about his career.

Hefti was born in Nebraska to a

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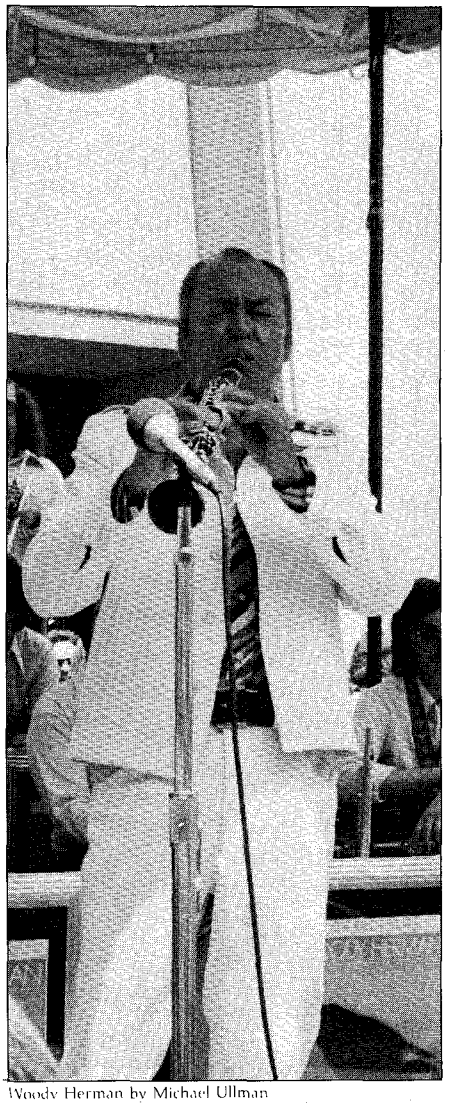
musical family: "My mother was a piano teacher and she taught all us children how to play piano at an early age, eight or nine, after which we could read the bass and treble clefs and pick an instrument. We also had a family band—not all that big of a money making scheme, but it practiced a lot. It played a few parties and things of that nature." As the family band needed brass, Hefti was given a shiny, second-hand trumpet one Christmas. By the time he was in high school, Hefti was playing it in local bands and "in what was roughly called the Omaha Symphony," led by Henry Cox. Hefti started writing and arranging for "territory bands," dance bands that worked and lived out of buses. In the summers, he played in carnival bands. The territory bands—called derisively "Mickey Mouse"—were modelled after organizations of Guy Lombardo, Kay Kyser and Sammy Kaye. "The music of the region was what is now Lawrence Welk." It was, as Hefti said, "germane to the territory," despite its "schmaltzy gimmicks and overphrasing." Hefti worked for a drummer named Franklin Vincent, whose wife had a travelling dance school. For this group Hefti arranged military taps and polkas; for the carnival he wrote some background music to a trapeze artist.

Hefti's older brothers (he is one of six children) told him he must go either to New York or Los Angeles if he wanted to be a professional musician. He travelled to the former with a Mickey Mouse band led by Dick Berry. Fired when the band got to New Jersey, Hefti spent the next 10 years scuffling in New York, hampered as were many other musicians by the recording bans and musicians' strikes that plagued the industry in the '40s.

In New York City Hefti first became seriously involved in jazz. "I really had to learn jazz"—a music not germane to Omaha. He learned by listening to the Duke Ellington records friends brought to his hotel room. Hefti's first jazz job, still as trumpet player, was with Charlie Barnet. He did little arranging for Barnet, who had "some super arrangers." In the mid-'40s Hefti travelled to California with Charlie Spivak's organization. In Los Angeles Hefti worked with Spivak's band for over a year, making a movie, playing in hotels, ballrooms, theaters, and doing some one-nighters. "When the band left, I just didn't want to leave." After some weeks with the Mickey Mouse band of Horace Heidt, Hefti was called by Chubby Jackson to replace trumpet player Cappy Lewis in the Woody Herman organization. "Shortly after that I started writing. Ralph Burns and I wrote about 90 percent of the book for the next few years."



Woody Herman by Michael Ullman

Herman's band, called later "The First Herd," gave Hefti his first major opportunity as a jazz composer and arranger. The band was in flux as a result of the war and the draft—part of Hefti's appeal to a bandleader was that he was 4-F. The new players could not perform Herman's most swinging arrangements, and many of the pieces Hefti helped provide were improvised head arrangements. "That only meant that they weren't written down. They were taught, memorized, made up from the heads of two or three people. . . . This is when the slogan came about, 'Don't shake hands on the bandstand.' So many people were drafted in Woody's band that every night it was almost like a new band sightreading the book. It got to the point that Woody couldn't call out his swinging numbers. So we started faking. The band couldn't read the existing arrangements."

This band played a series of hotel dates, which meant a quiet set at dinner and a louder one at night. Woody would rarely show up for the earlier set, and the members of the band had a lot of freedom. They also had a problem: "We didn't have too much to play without him, because he had that book in which he would either play alto or clarinet or sing on all the good numbers." Hefti started writing to fill the gaps. "This is how 'Happiness is a Thing Called Joe' was born. We were stuck for tunes. We had to improvise. If there ever was a leader at that time, it was Chubby Jackson."

The next step in Hefti's career came when he married singer Frances Wayne and became her manager, arranger and accompanist: "Ninety percent of what I learned about the business I learned in the next two or three years with Frances." Hefti started to look at music from a different perspective, "from the angle before it's presented. From the inception, from the sperm alone, I started visualizing the ultimate product—whether it's right for the person."

Back in New York, working for his own band as well as writing arrangements for whomever was interested in them, Hefti started writing for Basie. "I joined Basie when he was at his lowest. Count Basie had a six-piece band—he was playing all the chicken shacks in New York—what they call the chitlin' circuit . . . They were really scuffling. They were with Columbia Records, and Mitch Miller didn't even want to record them." When Basie got a job playing one tune with a big band at the Apollo, Hefti wrote the tune "Little Pony" as a feature for Wardell Gray.

Hefti takes partial credit for the ensuing success of Basie and his band. "During the '50s he probably recorded 60 pieces of mine, and it brought him from a six-piece band to the Waldorf-Astoria to appearing for the Queen." Other key figures in the Basie renaissance were booking agent Willard Alexander and Morris Levey, owner of Birdland and the founder of Roulette Records. Levey offered Basie a steady job for a big band in his club, and at the same time asked Hefti to write arrangements for a new Basie album. Hefti was hesitant at first, accepting only when given what he calls "complete artistic control" over a session that was originally to be called "Basie Plays Hefti." The result of this session was a smash single "Li'l Darlin'." A surprise hit, "Li'l Darlin'" is a slow number,

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My wife and I then lived in Denver, Colorado, at 2545 South High Street. We paid $135 a month rent for a cramped, tumbled down house. My wife was expecting our second child and we were flat broke. I felt desperate and forced into a corner. I had to borrow $150 from my father and another $150 from my father-in-law just to buy the groceries and pay the rent. If that wasn't enough, we were several thousand dollars in debt.

Things are much different now. Last year I could have retired and lived off the income of my one million dollars in real estate holdings. (Incidently, almost all of the income from the real estate is tax free.)

Since I had worked 20 to 40 hours a week, I know that I didn't work even 10 times longer or harder than you. And with my C-average from Ames High School (located in Ames, Iowa). I did a little better later on but I soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

If hours, efforts or brains are not what separates the rich from the average guy who is swamped with debts and very little income then what is?

I learned the answer to that question from an old fellow in Denver. This fellow worked in a drug store stocking the shelves. Very few people knew that he had $200,000 in the bank, all of which he had earned starting from nothing.

Within a year after meeting him, I was told and shown the same thing by a young man who had recently earned over a million dollars. By this time, I began to realize that what I was being shown was truly a remarkable and workable way to grow rich.

I began to apply the principles and methods I had been shown. The results were amazing. I couldn't believe how easy it was, in fact it seemed too easy.

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But then I met an elderly lady (83 years old) who, although not very smart, has made $117,000 using the same formula.

I then figured my beginning wasn't luck.

For three and one half years, I worked hard to refine and improve on the formula that I had been shown, so that it would be easy to get quicker results.

As I did this, my assets multiplied very rapidly (160% per year) to the point that I didn't have to work any longer.

I guess I am bragging now, but I did start spending alot of time in our back yard pool, traveling around the country, and doing a lot of loafing.

Then one day a friend asked me how he could do what I had done.

So I began to outline the formula that I had improved to show him really how simple it was, and how he could do the same thing.

By the next time he approached me, I had written almost a complete volume on the easy way for him to copy my results.

I wrote this in simple, straight forward language so anyone could understand it.

This time my friend's questions were very specific. (He had already begun buying properties with the formulas I had been giving him). Now he had a property he wanted to buy, but was out of cash. How could he buy it?

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conservatively voiced, featuring an eerie, restrained trumpet solo by Wendell Culley, who alternates shy phrases with long tones permeated by a weird vibrato: the notes sound as if they are coming from the other side of an electric fan.

Hefti attributes his success with Basie to his ability to figure out the Basie sound: "A writer writes for the person. The person does not perform for the writer. Anything we can throw in to enhance what the person already has—we're not trying to change him at all." Unlike more ambitious, and perhaps less successful arrangers, Hefti started with his sense of what Basie was: "He's a sort of basic blues piano player. This man's charts were wrong—he was writing for Miles Davis, or he was writing for Duke Ellington. When Basie himself played the piano solo, it didn't sound like it was part of the overall picture. He sounded like what's wrong with this picture . . . They would write these things with beautiful, exotic harmonies, but when Basie came in with his basic Red Bank or Kansas City blues, it was laughable in comparison." In Hefti's words, their collaborations brought Basie into the daylight—he was no longer the leader of a "creepy undercover group." Daytime disc jockeys were playing his music, and he entered the mainstream of American music, an environment Hefti is quite comfortable with. In his youth Hefti played music that was part of the community; not surprisingly, he does not "separate jazz and pop." His success with Basie was followed by the stay in the studios of Los Angeles. Now he wants to return to playing the jazz trumpet, and he intends to lead a small jazz group in the New England area.

Hefti looks on the arranger as a musician whose job is to catch the personality of the person he's working for. The stronger the musical personality of that artist, the easier the task. He was frustrated with his work with Harry James, because James was "unsure of himself . . . He always vacillated. One day he loved 'You Made Me Love You,' and the next day he hated it. James I couldn't find—but I consider it more his fault than mine." Herman presented a similar problem. "There was no approach to him. He himself didn't have a style that he insisted on. I wrote mostly for the guys in the band." Finding Basie was easy: "He never changed his mind—maybe because he couldn't change his mind . . . but I don't have to find that out." Hefti feels that the arranger must find the truth of the artist he is working with, and that he needn't challenge that artist. Given these assumptions it is not surprising that Hefti's arrangements sound traditional and almost conservative today. Trying to explain his job, Hefti quotes Neil Simon, who told an interviewer: "'I'm not a great writer; I'm a great listener!" Hefti says—perhaps too modestly—about his work with Basie: "Just listening to him was the only thing I had to do." But Hefti also had the skill to capture the sound he heard, and the acumen to adapt it to public taste.

Hefti's arrangements and compositions are typically bright and cheerful—they have a daylight sound, to take his words out of context. High-toned critics might object to the modesty of his goals. Parents may shudder when their children chant the theme from "Batman," a tune as unforgettable as an Anacin commercial or a steady drip. But Hefti will have an honorable place in the history of American music, if only for helping to bring Bill Basie into the light where he belongs.

Shakespeare & Co.

Legend often grows out of misinformation. Here is how *Let's Go: Europe*, generally a reliable student travel guide, describes the Paris bookshop, Shakespeare & Co.

> *Shakespeare & Co., 37 rue de la Bucherie, 5e, just across from Notre Dame, is a unique, wonderful Parisian institution. It started out more than 50 years ago as an American expatriate literary bookstore. Hemingway and Gertrude Stein were the first members of the lending library, and the bookstore published the first edition of Joyce's* Ulysses. *Under the present owner, George Whitman (a descendant of Walt), Shakespeare's is as literary as ever, with poetry readings during the fall, winter and spring, and with writers, poets and literary hoboes hanging around. A peaceful oasis in the swirl of Paris. Open noon-midnight, every day of the year.*

For bibliophiles the world around, Shakespeare & Co. is about as legendary a place as one can find in a cynical age, yet *Let's Go*'s idea of this "wonderful institution" is actually rather naive. In fact, the original Shakespeare & Co. was run by Sylvia Beach in the rue de l'Odeon from 1919 to 1941. She still deserves a major share of the credit for whatever literary aura the shop's name has today.

The present store is puzzling. It is one of the hokiest tourist traps in Paris but also one of the continent's richest mines of real literary associations. In part it is contrived because of George Whitman's incredibly silly names of the numerous rooms in his labyrinthian store: "Blue Oyster Tea Room," "Old Smokey Reading Room" and "Tumbleweed Hotel for Writers" are examples.

Then there are the photographs of famous writers who have read their work here or merely stopped by to say hello. Most of the photos have inscriptions such as Anaïs Nin's: "I have often thought of you, your bookshop, your ice cream, your house, leading the life I would like to lead." It's true that Nin wrote these words, but that's not her handwriting on the picture. It's George Whitman's to whom Nin addressed many tender comments in a series of letters Whitman stows away incautiously in an unlocked cabinet in his upstairs office.

The most ambiguous aspect of Shakespeare & Co. concerns Whitman himself. Evidently *Let's Go* asked no questions about his claimed relationship to Walt. Whether Whitman actually fathered some children during his sojourn in New Orleans remains unclear. George Whitman's correspondence includes two inquiries from Walt Whitman scholars who wrote in curious disbelief when they read about George in a newspaper article. Nonetheless, for years, now, he has told the story of his lineage as though it were fact.

Some people are put off by the atmosphere at Shakespeare & Co. The pithiest dismissal in Whitman's correspondence is this: "Dear sir, My

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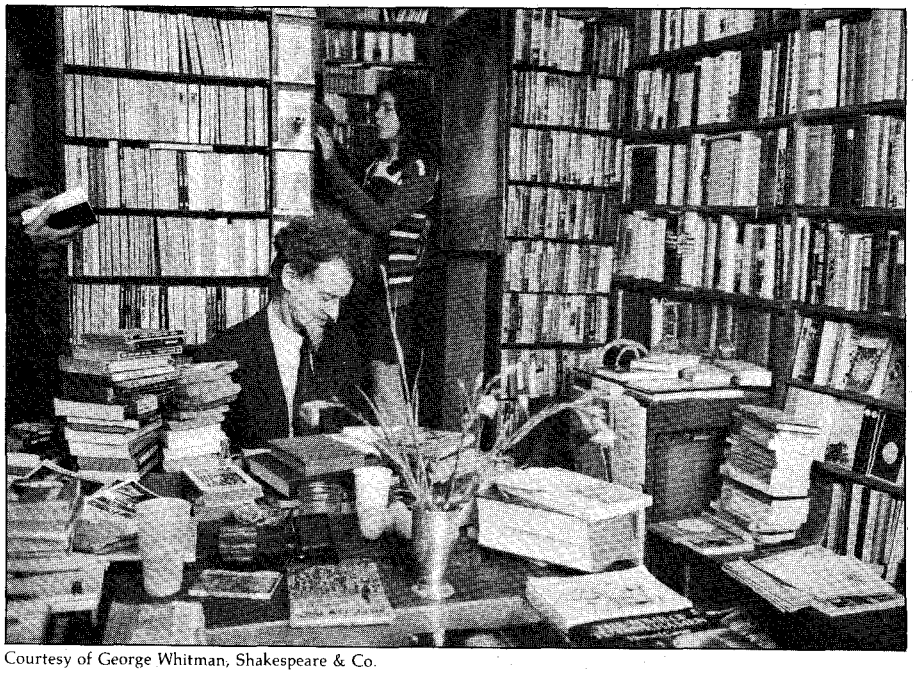
publisher and I visited your establishment several weeks ago and found you such a preposterous boor that I was moved to discourse upon the likes of you in the attached interview with *The Washington Star*. The next time I am in Paris, I intend to spread cream cheese all over your collection."

work and play chaotically in several languages. Some Shakespeare & Co. faithful usually brings in flowers to brighten up the sale table. Underneath it, in wintertime, the only heating source in the whole place—one small gas burner—bubbles away. Overall, there is a feeling of happy, but perhaps faintly



Courtesy of George Whitman, Shakespeare & Co.

Nonetheless, George Whitman can produce a hefty load of evidence confirming the bookstore's importance. Henry Miller, who, Whitman claims repetitively, called the store "a wonderland of books"; Lawrence Durrell, who offered to buy the bookshop for cash any time Whitman would sell; Lawrence Ferlinghetti, who asked Whitman to help him launch his publishing enterprise, City Lights Bookshop, San Francisco; Allen Ginsberg, who read at the store; Herbert Gold, a friendly patron; James Baldwin, habitué of the shop in the 1950s; Bernard Malamud, a patron; Langston Hughes, who read at the store; Alan Sillitoe, a friend and patron; Barbara Tuchman, who wrote "Happy to discover so famous a source of books and of all that matters."

From the street, Shakespeare & Co. has the appearance of something closer to a Salvation Army flea market than to Brentano's in New York. But the storefront is colorful and engaging enough with its tempting racks of cheap used books and its posters announcing upcoming literary events. An unimpressive electric image of the patron bard himself hangs over the window. Inside, in the front room, one is likely to find Whitman, looking very much like the thin and goateed Ezra Pound, mixing studied disorder. If there is a system to the shelving of the books, even the many rare ones, no one knows much about it besides Whitman himself who no doubt thinks this disarray is a virtue: it forces one to browse.

For a while in the early 1970s, Whitman collected autobiographies of everyone staying at his store, and over two hundred of these miniature life stories are preserved in an album which may someday become a book. Together they amount to a remarkable survey of the itinerant writer population moving through Paris—plus a host of fellow travellers. A general pattern emerges: the typical overnight guest is under 25, has an unfinished education and a strong desire to see the world and be free to read and write. Often the autobiographies are intimately confessional and even poignant. Virtually every writer extends warm thanks to Whitman.

How the Sylvia Beach tradition came down to Whitman is debatable. *The Guardian* reported that Beach was a frequent visitor at Whitman's store, known orginally as Le Mistral. Allegedly Beach gave most of her first editions to Whitman, thinking of his shop as "the spiritual successor to Shakespeare & Co." True or false, it certainly proved convenient that Shakespeare celebrated

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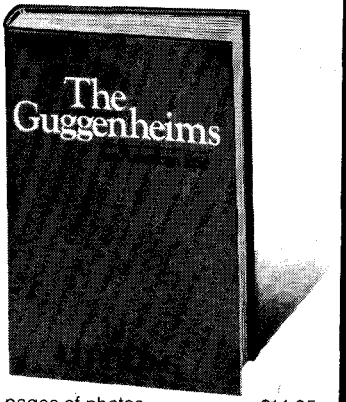

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WILLIAM MORROW

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his 400th birthday in 1964, two years after Beach had died. Le Mistral took the occasion to change its name to what Beach had painstakingly nurtured into a sure seller.

Whatever the real Beach connection is, Whitman's own dedication to the store has been unswerving. Coming to Paris at age 28 after rambling about the United States à la Woody Guthrie, Whitman was in France ostensibly to study at the Sorbonne on the GI Bill. But in 1951, with a small inheritance, he seized a fortuitous chance to buy a bankrupt Arab grocery overlooking Notre Dame, at "Kilometer Zero, Paris" as his store's logo eventually proclaimed. He determined to create "the most beautiful bookstore in the world, one providing a permanent meeting place for foreign writers in Paris." And he pretty well succeeded.

David Emblidge

David Emblidge is Director of American Studies at Simon's Rock Early College in Great Barrington, Mass.

(This is the third in a series on favorite bookstores.)

Books Considered

The Human Factor
by Graham Greene

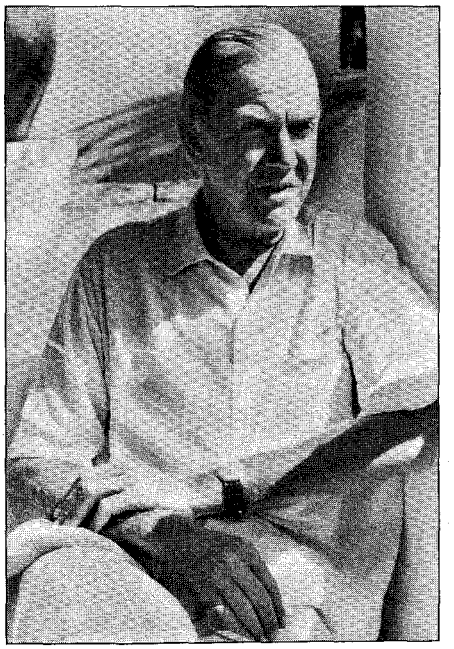
(Simon & Schuster; $9.95)

In a letter written to Elizabeth Bowen in 1948, Graham Greene argues the virtues of disloyalty. "You remember the black and white squares of Bishop Blougram's chessboard. As a novelist, I must be allowed to write from the point of view of the black square as well as of the white: doubt and even denial must be given their chance of self-expression, or how is one freer than the Leningrad group?"

The Human Factor, Greene's new novel, takes as its locus once again the interface between "black and white squares" and focusses on "doubt." Maurice Castle, the book's protagonist, exists in the relative freedom of London, but as a prisoner of loyalties at odds. The dilemma for Greene's heroes has remained consistent: how retain integrity when the very nature of the word posits "oneness," isolation? His men do well enough alone. But such self-protective isolation is threatened in the novels—drastically, disastrously—by the force of love. The individual can battle a system, perhaps, but his battle-line will be breached by compassion.

In Castle's case, "he had learned during the last year in South Africa the age-old lesson that fear and love are indivisible." And he finds himself trapped. "It was her sympathy which always made him commit himself too far; however much he tried to harden himself he was tempted to tell her everything."

What he tells his wife is adumbrated in the book's first paragraph. "He was always prepared to account for his



Graham Greene Courtesy of Bettmann Archive

actions, even the most innocent. . ." His actions are not innocent, and he will be held to account. Castle, a member of "the firm" on the verge of retirement, is responsible for information on a subsection of Africa. Married to a black named Sarah, whom he deeply loves, he is in fact a double-agent for the Soviet Union. This does not make him a Communist; the Soviets had rescued Sarah from the clutches of the security police in South Africa, and Castle is in their debt.

He has always, he says, made bad bargains—as a child he traded "a good fountain pen to someone at school who had offered . . . a bun with a piece of chocolate inside." Yet his allegiance to his wife and child is unequivocal, and when he finally tells her of his double-agent status they make love as if released. "We have our own country," she says, absolving him. "You've never betrayed that country, Maurice."

The small leak is noted and traced. With instinctive snobbery, however, the higher-ups in the "old-boy" network ignore the well-connected Castle and fix on his junior associate, Davis. Davis drinks in public, dresses nattily, likes horses and therefore seems a security risk. With the offhand brutality that Greene's villains call humane, Davis is eliminated by an "aflatoxin."

From here on in the novel picks up pace. Castle recognzies that, with Davis dead, a continued flow of information must be traced to him. But the information has to do with "Uncle Remus"—a secret agreement between the United States, Great Britain and South Africa, condoning the use of localized nuclear weapons as "the final solution" for apartheid. Castle hates this sufficiently so that he blows his cover. And the closing section entails the kind of chase where it's never quite clear who's hunting, who's hunted, or which of them wants to be caught.

The plot here is well-made as always; Greene digs up what he plants. Chocolates that figure in the first chapter are sure to figure elsewhere; Castle's incidental-seeming bulldog is central to a later incident. A series of literary referents wind through the text; Tolstoy and Browning recur, and everyone seems to be trying to read a copy of Trollope's *The Way We Live Now*. Reality and fiction meld so that Kim Philby and James Bond can complement each other; the tedious details of spy-work create an exploded cliche. "We've never been very James Bond minded here. I wasn't allowed to carry a gun, and my only car was a secondhand Morris Minor."

This absence of permision is one hallmark of Greene's world; his celebrants are dutiful, and a marriage celebration ends in argument over the hostesses' shattered china owl. His

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vision of sleazy respectability remains authoritative; no-one could more deftly describe "Raymond's Revuebar":

> *The girl drank from a bottle of High and Dry suspended above the hammock on a string, and after every swallow she removed a piece of clothing with an air of ginny abandon. At long last they could see her naked buttocks outlined by the net like the rump of a chicken seen through a Soho housewife's string bag. A party of businessmen from Birmingham applauded with some violence, and one man went so far as to wave a Diners Club Card above his head, perhaps to show his financial standing.*

Castle is a fortress of rigid defenses, yet pinned. The chess terminology is intentional here; we are very much in the world of double agenting, encoded messages and the mirror image. Castle finds himself unable to talk with a priest who's his double; Davins wants to change his name to "Davies of Davies Street," and Halliday Sr., not Halliday Jr., turns out to offer escape. Castle purchases two copies of his code-books, and sacrifice becomes a term from a survival manual.

The novel's epigraph comes, fittingly, from Conrad. "I only know that he who forms a tie is lost. The germ of corruption has entered into his soul." It's the paradoxical truth here, of course, that such a germ is healing, and the world well lost for love. But loss entails no grand gestures in London or Moscow; the book ends with an inconclusive telephone chat and the Castles hoping, hopelessly, that they might again meet. The English bureaucratic system, by denying Sarah a passport, keeps them apart far more effectively than could the South African security police. And, in a character's recurrent term for such self-regarding privacy, the "boxes" are discrete.

Importantly among Greene's gifts, I think, is the ability to express "doubt and even denial," to play both sides of the game. It's why he commended Bishop Blougram's chess-board—wherein a contestant must do just that—and why he writes so readily of the double agent's role. Yet the book does seem flattish and faded; corruption is routine. There is a sense of weary manipulation throughout; the "kings" and "bishops" of this game are hemmed in by regulations also—behaving at country shoots and funerals and clubs with much the same enjoined precision as do their threatened "pawns." Even the beautiful Sarah ends up enrolling her boy in school and serving the clergyman tea. Everywhere we sense this weariness, nor is it necessarily intentional. Castle's fear of capture has the flavor of a dream deferred, as if he'll pay the price on what his wife escaped. Though a man's home is his "castle," he guards it with a Yale lock, not "something very special chosen in St. James's Street from Chubb's." And when the interrogator comes to call, Castle invites him in.

Perhaps it's that Greene has written of such sacrifice before, or that the genre of which he's past-master has a present master as informed as Le Carré. Or possibly it's the echoes of those incisive earlier efforts. Yusef of *The Heart of the Matter* is a more persuasive villain, say, than Dr. Percival or Muller here, and the love of Maurice Bendrix for *his* Sarah in *The End of the Affair* seems both more baffled and comprehensive than that of the present Maurice. To one who takes pure pleasure in the *oeuvre* entire, however, such recapitulation is a gift.

Graham Greene should long since have been accorded the Nobel Prize. He is "integrity's" laureate, whether Stockholm accepts him or no. What living English author can lay claim to greater eminence or to have interested more readers in more ways? *The Man Within* was accepted for publication 50 years ago this winter, and we've had more than 30 books since. In this half-a-century, Greene has been both an unstinting craftsman and the unswerving advocate of decency. If *The Human Factor* cannot take its place with masterpieces such as *The Heart of the Matter, The Power and the Glory,* or *The Comedians,* it nonetheless is first-rate work—an instruction as well as "entertainment," an artful spy story and publishing event.

Nicholas Delbanco

Nicholas Delbanco teaches literature at Bennington College. His most recent novel is *Possession* (Morrow).

Inklings
by Geoffrey Wolff
(Random; $7.95)

"Idea for a novel: book reviewer writes novel about book reviewer who writes novel etc. Form—reviews of new fiction in *TNR,* beginning with March 11 issue."

This is the kind of notebook noodling engendered by Geoffrey Wolff's *Inklings,* which is narrated by a reviewer named Jupe who wants to write a novel but ends up writing a literary biography and then his autobiography to explain why he didn't finish his novel, part of which he includes. The autobiography could be a novel. In fact, it is a novel, Geoffrey Wolff's if not Jupe's. Geoffrey Wolff is the book critic for *New Times,* the author of a literary biography of Harry Crosby, and a literary gangster mentioned by Jupe at the end of *Inklings.* This is a review, not fiction.

The holdings of the Library of Infinite Regress include Achilles and the tortoise, the lying Cretan, the man on the old Quaker Oats box, Mobius, certain clothing store mirrors, Borges, Barth, and so on. The best undercut big notions, serious misconceptions such as time, space, truth, and identity. *Inklings* is only a minor addition because its receding frames hold satiric pictures of the contemporary publishing world. Comic turns stop the reader from tumbling through into philosophically disturbing echo and reflection.

The novel is about little people: inchlings, inklings, scribblers, dunces. Jupe is a sheriff among fools and flacks in the New York publishing game, but at age 45 his disgust with fiction and its marketers has turned him into a renegade, a literary hit man. He disrupts a PEN seminar on the death of the

"SAYS MR. CALIFANO, smoking-related diseases cost the Federal Government millions of dollars in health care per year. Eventually, of course, the welfare state had to deliver this ultimatum: 'So long as we pick up your medical bills, you'll live the way we tell you to.' To which the reply naturally is: 'That is not your money. It's ours, and you'll spend it the way we tell you to spend it.' "

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novel and interrupts a television interview with Hobey Marvels, the hot new Gothic dispenser. He insults stuffy pedagogues, non-reading editors, hip media men, bloated novelists, and *the* novel yet burns to write *his* novel.

Seduced by a literature groupie called Mouse, Jupe leaves his family for his Maine retreat to "commit Art." Out of a hailstorm and into Jupe's smokey living room there appears Mole, an old student of Jupe's, bearing 15 beer cases of his novel. Artist forces Critic at gunpoint to read his manuscript and write a biography. Then Mole kills himself to help his book's publicity campaign. Jupe is editor and executor.

Wolff's satire seems sharp enough (though I've never been to Elaine's) and the parodies—of a first novel, authorized biography, and master editor—are amusing. Jupe is right: Geoffrey Wolff is a hit man, an effective mocker of popularity and pretension. But *Inklings* is also a frame-up, with Wolff as victim and enforcer. His elaborate framing devices, the trap-doors of fictions within fiction, the Shandyian mixture of footnotes and reality, the word play on Mouse, Mole, and the small details of the novel's first pages that reveals characters as Jupe's inventions—they all remind me of the high-wire art of Borges, Nabokov, and Barth where play, risk, and conceptual assault are one.

Wolff, though, is just playing, and he knows it. Mole says of Jupe's work: "it's arch, self-conscious, two-for-a-penny, smart-ass, and ironical." It's true of Jupe's, mostly true of Wolff's. Despite the self-irony, *Inklings* is a smug book in its witty condescension to high art and its satisfaction with its own entertaining facileness. With more talent or some of Mole's passion, Wolff might have made upsetting art behind the back of his journalistic Jupe. Works like Nabokov's *Pale Fire* and Barth's *Lost in the Funhouse* only pretend that limited narrators and self-consciousness cripple. Wolff pretends they are a joke. One of the refrains of *Inklings* is that "words count." But not enough, not for Wolff.

Thomas LeClair

Thomas LeClair teaches contemporary fiction at the University of Cincinnati.

Blind Date
by Jerzy Kosinski

(Houghton Mifflin; $8.95)

With such books as *Passages* and *Dress for Success*, the publishing marketplace is experiencing an unprecedented surge of books which purport to answer the ancient ethical question: "How Shall I Conduct My Life?" *Blind Date* is a fateful answer to that question—an answer which may be only dimly perceived, or if perceived, rejected because it demands a massive re-orientation and the ultimate admission of the randomness of human existence: destiny is written concurrently with each event in life. *Blind Date* is a guard against this powerful feeling of an "objective destiny."

The term, "blind date," is uniquely American in origin (in its European editions, Kosinski's novel will be titled, *The Unknown Person*). *Blind Date* represents an encounter, filled with strangeness and multiple possibilities. Imaginative literature dramatizes life, but above all, it dramatizes man's ability to perceive his own condition for what it is: a drama, and he is the main protagonist—but only of the moment. That moment is his *Blind Date*.

Blind Date is the story of the adventures of George Levanter: the novel opens with a deceptive innocence: "When I was a school boy . . . ." Unlike the *Bildungsroman*, the reader is not marshalled through a series of developing events from which the hero emerges in independence and wholeness. Following a fictional technique which Kosinski has perfected in several of his previous novels (notably *Steps* and *Cockpit*), *Blind Date* moves in an erratic play of episodes, circular and spiral as Levanter's own memory. Its plot has the chance selectivity of our own memory, our randomness and inability to answer why we remember certain events and not others—and our reluctance to look for the principle of such ranking.

Levanter is an adventurer in life's events. He moves across international lines and inevitably seems to be situated at a place of maximum intensity. The early portion of the novel traces Levanter—in the tragic tense of dead event—as a young man, parting from his dying Mother with whom he has shared an incestuous relation to several periods when he was a young student attending Youth Movement Camp. His teenage friend, Oscar, instructs him in the art of rape. With an elaborate new sex vocabulary, Oscar "breaks the eye" of his blind dates. Intrigued by the sensuous violence, Levanter becomes an able student of this new art of the twist, assaulting from behind a girl who remains nameless.

In a sudden shift of the remembered past, Levanter has accepted a post at Princeton where he meets Svetlana Alliluyeva, his next-door neighbor. "It can't be," he whispered. "The daughter of Stalin an American. It can't be." Transported to his new home in America, Levanter has many blind dates—encounters with the unique, the strange, the trivial. He meets the great Nobel-prize scientist, Jacques Monod and the most tragic American, Charles Lindbergh. Interlarded with these encounters are episodes of an enormously trivial nature. The unwary reader is taken on a series of blind dates which underscore the essential fragmentation of human events—the discontinuousness of moments in the drama. Kosinski is absorbing the multitude of event/episode/encounter/person and imaginatively transmuting this flow of experience into the content of fiction. This sweep of blind dates has a powerful effect upon the reader because they seem to deny the process of selectivity in art—the very notion of art as shape, pattern, form, which will reveal a significant content. As the detached and disinterested author, Kosinski remains above and beyond the remembered world of George Levanter and it's through the heavily-laden memory of Levanter that the novel takes its shape, like a painting filled with shadows, each casting a peculiar tone of light and darkness in the final composition, creating its own reality. As always, Kosinski places a heavy burden upon the reader's imagination. "The episode—in its extension, the plot—is the objective correlative of the work, the way meaning is conveyed to the reader."

A small investor, an idea-man, Levanter moves through an extraordinary scenario in travels which take him across cultures and continents. Each episode is framed in a chilling and controlled prose, designed more to evoke and dramatize feeling than to

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portray human action. A master storyteller, Kosinski creates a fearful evocation of the unpredictable essence of life. Like the adventures of Lemuel Gulliver, Levanter is swept into a Swiftian world in which ethics and values are beyond man's reach. In a land of slaves and scavengers, Levanter relies solely on his personal code of ethics to spell out his own destiny.

Frequently his intent is to deceive in order to wreak vengeance on people who stand outside any system of justice, as in the episode in which he kills a hotel clerk who has been responsible for assigning innocent European visitors to special rooms which he knows are bugged by their governments. Because of this covert intelligence, a number of these visitors are tried and condemned to death once they return home. The hotel clerk has been a knowing accomplice in these many deaths, but what court of justice will condemn him? "Both the authorities and the media would demand a direct connection between the crime committed and the reason for it. They would keep looking for a plot, but it was an act like an old Polaroid snapshot: 'No negative, photographer unknown, camera thrown away.'"

Blind Date is a defiance against this eternal search for a plot, a cause, an objective destiny. Plot is not cosmically true, it is not personally true. This is the fundamental vision which *Blind Date* dramatizes. If man accepts this message—accepts all it contains—then he must wake out of his millenary dream; and in so doing, wake to his fundamental isolation.

Both a fictional character within the novel and a pervading spirit behind *Blind Date* is the great French scientist, Jacques Monod. Awarded the Nobel Prize in 1965 for elucidating the coordinating of all the molecular manufacturing activities that are the essence of metabolism and thus of life itself, Monod is best known for his book-length essay, *Chance and Necessity*, published in 1970. In it he postulated his chilling conviction that all existence is because of chance. "Pure chance, only chance, absolute but blind liberty is at the root of the prodigious edifice that is evolution. . . ." Destiny is written concurrently with the event, not prior to it. Levanter thus embraces Monod's scientific postulate that forces man to accept his isolation and to utilize each moment of his life as it passes rather than to dismiss it as a minor incident in a larger "passage" or zone of time. Derived and based on modern science, this philosophy presupposed an ethic which bases moral responsibility upon the very freedom of each choice an individual is free to make in each instance of his life, an instance dictated entirely by chance. Man's destiny is nowhere spelled out, nor is his duty.

Levanter meets his final blind date on the deserted Aval skiing run—the closing day of the season. "A descent was like life: to love it was to love each moment, to rejoice in the skill and speed of every moment." Overtaken by fog and chill, Levanter seems to lose all sense of direction. In a drifting memory, he recalls a scene from the warm beach. Levanter had been telling a story to a young boy but the boy is called away by his mother. The final image of *Blind Date* is that of the boy facing the lapping waves of the surf as they move in a rising rhythm past his legs. Perhaps his parents do not wish him to hear such stories as Levanter might tell.

Daniel J. Cahill

Daniel J. Cahill is professor of English at the University of Northern Iowa.

Reconsideration

The End of the Affair

Mel Brooks, in one of his regrettably few esthetic pronouncements, told an interviewer, "Listen: good taste has got nothing to do with art." Georges Bernanos, in *The Diary of a Country Priest*, argues much the same thing when he has an old pastor explain to a young priest why he likes to pray before a howlingly sentimental painting of the Infant Jesus: "I think it's ugly, even stupid. That reassures me." Both opinions are useful epigraphs to a rereading of Graham Greene's *The End of the Affair* a quarter-century after its publication.

After the revolution of sorts in fiction's faith in its own adequacy to describe the world wrought by Nabokov, Robbe-Grillet, Murdoch, and Pynchon, we can appreciate this novel of Greene's as his own most deliberate gamble with the limits of art as good taste. But when it appeared in 1951, it seemed in very bad, indeed scandalous, taste. Greene had already, with *The Power and the Glory* (1940) and *The Heart of the Matter* (1948), established his reputation, for better *and* worse, as the most complex and challenging religious novelist of his day. But even for many of his most sympathetic readers, he took things a bit too far in this story of a contemporary Magdalene, an adulteress named Sarah Miles who utters a prayer for her lover as he is trapped by a V-2 explosion outside their bedroom, finds herself drawn more and more to Catholic mysticism, finally dies, having caught a bad cold, and causes (as required by Vatican law for canoniza-

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tion) several posthumous miracles. The improbable train of events is narrated by Maurice Bendrix, the rejected (or transcended) lover, a cynical and morally burned-out novelist who, at the end, acknowledges Sarah's blessedness but still hates his divine Rival for stealing her from him. "O God," he prays on the last page, "You've robbed me of enough, I'm too tired and old to learn to love, leave me alone forever."

Scandalous, literally: one of the crucial New Testament meanings of *skandalon* is an event, divine or demonic, that upsets our notions of the way the world is supposed to work. (Thus the Resurrection, and anyone's belief in such a story, are both *skandalon.*) But the word can also mean fanatical, outrageous, silly. And not the least of Greene's accomplishments here is to have put these two meanings, scandalously, together. There are, after all, a number of varieties of strangeness that we have been trained to accept in the serious, realistic novel: coincidence, faithfulness, black villainy, even a certain supernatural creepiness if it is managed diffidently, as in *The Turn of the Screw.* But not miracles, not sainthood. Not even Dickens, not even Harriet Beecher Stowe, is willing to lift that particular veil. To tell a story that seriously insists a woman can love God enough to transform, *physically,* the world around her is to risk turning the novel into what Orwell called the "smelly little orthodoxies" of sectarian pamphlets, holycard art, the kinds of books autolobotomized young men and women hand out at airports and bus stations. It is embarrassing, as it would be to discover that the cultured gentleman with whom you have been trading cocktail amenities has lately been to a faith healer, or that a respected friend reads and enjoys Kahlil Gibran.

Greene, in his way, takes even bigger risks with our credence than many of the absurdists and fantasists who have lately populated fiction. A Nabokov may say that "reality" is the only word that must always be used in quotes. But he well knows the dangers of trying to remove the quotes, and whenever he does so, as in *Pale Fire* or *Ada,* he is careful to nudge us at the moment of removal, reminding us that he shares our basic sense of how things "really" are. But Greene withholds that comforting nudge. It is no accident that *The End of the Affair,* his eleventh novel, is the first to feature as its central character a professional novelist, and the first to be narrated from the first-person.

"I can be trusted," Bendrix insists, whenever he says anything favorable about Sarah or her God: "I am writing against the bias because it is my professional pride to prefer the near-truth, even to the expression of my near-hate." It is a device of remarkable subtlety: the novel's insistence on its own quality *as* a novel demands that we take seriously the conventions of "reality" to which the story at last does such systematic violence. The effect is intensified when, in the middle of the action, Bendrix acquires Sarah's journal, which seems to be written to her new lover. Only after some pages of apparently erotic musings do we—and he—discover that the "You" Sarah keeps addressing is God. In other words, Greene constructs with his usual mastery an absolutely convincing tale of human passions and betrayals, which entraps the reader who has swallowed it all into accepting, *at the same level o narrative reality,* the facts of sainthood and miracles.

Graham Greene Courtesy of Bettmann Archive

We may want to think of Dante and Beatrice, or of Richard Crashaw, whose famous poem on the rapture of St. Teresa disturbingly conflates sexual with religious ecstasy. But though both associations, especially the Crashaw, are probably implicit in the book's conception, neither speaks to the central fascination and central problem of *The End of the Affair*: i.e., why does Greene write such an unpromising, offensive, perhaps fanatic book, and, beyond that, why does it, against all odds, *work*? For work it does, as one of the richest novels he has written.

Greene has always resisted the tag "Catholic novelist," insisting in a number of interviews that he is a novelist who happens to be a Catholic. But to no avail, and to the distortion—especially in America—of his real place in modern fiction. There are two easy responses, two evasions, really, that readers and critics are likely to take with a novelist who "happens" to be a Catholic (or an adherent of any religious system, for that matter). Village-atheist types adopt what we could call the dancing-dog syndrome, expressing condescending wonder that despite his obvious handicap the beast can perform at all. Even sillier, though, are the doctrinaire Catholics who adopt what has to be called the Jackie Robinson syndrome: One of Our Boys Made It. Both responses deface not only the writer, but also his beliefs.

"He knew now that at the end there was only one thing that counted," thinks the alcoholic priest of *The Power and the Glory* as he faces a Mexican firing squad—"to be a saint." Very comforting, to be sure, with the true Sunday School drone; unless, of course, the priest is right. If the only thing that counts *is* to be a saint, then a great deal of systematic theology and ecclesiastical authority is reduced to irrelevance. Greene's idea of sainthood has much more to do with the bitter purity of Camus' humanism than with the piety of C.S. Lewis's antiquarian fancies. It is significant that throughout his work one of the poets he alludes to most is Eliot (as is natural for a member of what Samuel Hynes calls the "Auden Generation"), but that his allusions are more often to the doubting Thomas of *The Waste Land* than to the self-assured liturgist of *Ash Wednesday.*

The End of the Affair is, among other things, an extended demonstration of the priest's last-minute discovery, articulated so as to upset the very religious complacency that might give it too easy an acceptance. Some of Greene's most withering scorn has always been reserved for what he calls the "habit of piety," the smugness of ritualized "goodness" that denies a world of pain. And Sarah's conversion, if that is the word, does not so much obliterate as it complicates and humanizes her relationships with the people around her, including her lover Bendrix. It is in fact her initiation into that truly political community of concern and charity that Greene calls elsewhere the ministry of fear—anticipating the toughminded position of a theologian like Hans Kung who wirtes, in *The Church,* "It is possible to admire the Catholic Church without being a Catholic. And it is perhaps just as

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possible to be a Catholic without admiring it."

But when Matthew Arnold suggested that art would become the modern age's substitute for a dead religion, he could not have imagined that the religion of art would itself grow into a ceremony of self-consciousness as arrogant and rigid as the liturgies it supplanted, a religion of technique and taste as paralytic as the habit of piety and perhaps a good deal more current. Call it the habit of Culture. Its superstitions have by now wrecked or spoiled quite a few writers (and quite a few more teachers of literature). Bendrix is such a writer, but his creator is not. And Bendrix's terminal failure to comprehend what has happened to him is one of Greene's most effective reminders that the function of storytelling, even at the expense of esthetic form, is to make available to us clearer modes of feeling, of loving and hating, and of living humanly in this world: to help us, as Wallace Stevens said is the use of poetry, to live our lives.

One thinks again of Bernanos, or of Sartre who proposes, at the end of *Nausea*, that the creative power of a corny ragtime tune ("Some of These Days"—apocalyptic title!) is enough to free his existential hero from the cage of pure reason. The point about "bad" or "corny" art is precisely that, if we are canny enough, it can lead us to a perception of those private realities—call them angelic or existential—which lie beyond art, and which it is art's honor to serve. (This is a religious perception, too: no one has ever suggested that He, if He is indeed there, is *nice*.)

The affair whose end Greene's 25-year-old book records is not just Bendrix's, but the century-long affair of an art divorced from moral energy, and a religion unconscious of its human responsibilities. He has not since experimented so daringly with the limits of the novel and the limits of belief. But the book's fierce intelligence, tempered and deflected, is present throughout his later, brilliant political novels, defining as they do a world whose salvation lies, if at all, not with its theologians or strategists but with the messiness, passion, and brave bad taste of its saints—that is, its martyrs and comedians.

Frank McConnell

Frank McConnell, the author of *Four Postwar American Novelists: Bellow, Mailer, Barth and Pynchon* (Univ. of Chicago Press) is at work on a book about Greene.

Brief Reviews

Four Rossettis: A Victorian Biography by Stanley Weintraub

(Weybright and Talley; $15)

The Pre-Raphaelites by James Harding

(Rizzoli; $7.95)

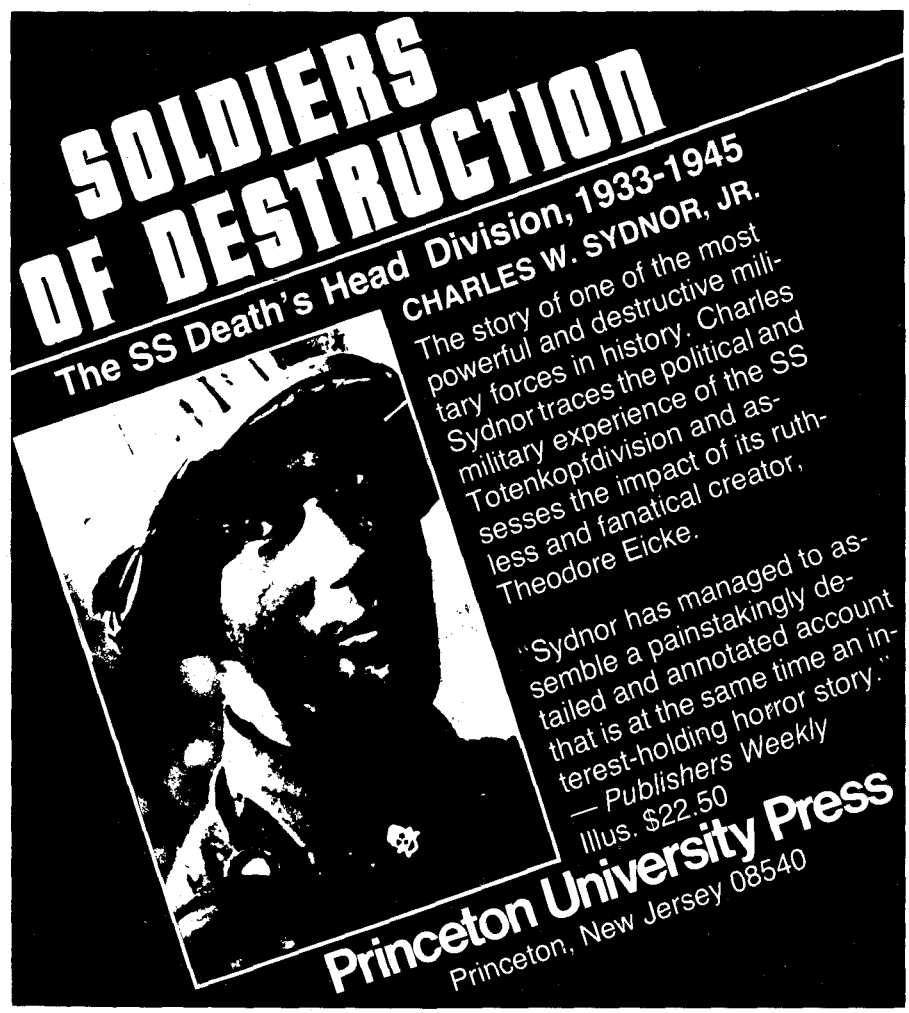
The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood originally consisted of three young men, Holman Hunt, John Millais and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who discovered a "purer" art in the Early Renaissance than the post-Raphael High Renaissance work touted by the London Academy. In August 1848 Holman Hunt had finished the first two volumes of John Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, and Millais had found an oversized volume of engravings of 14th century Pisan frescoes.

This work, it seemed to them, was worth aspiring to, as it lived up to Ruskin's idea of the "Best Art," that which constituted "a just representation of natural objects in a scientific spirit."

In the third chapter of his meticulously researched *Four Rossettis* Stanley Weintraub excerpts a letter from Gabriel to William Rossetti about the list of "Immortals" in the Brotherhood's creed:

> *It has already caused considerable horror among our acquaintances. . . . the list contains four distinct classes of Immortality; in the first of which three stars are attached to each name, in the second two, in the third one, in the fourth none. The first consists only of Jesus Christ and Shakespear* [sic]

This letter's innocent egotism nicely captures the strange spirit that is the subject of Weintraub's book. The four Rossettis, whom he chronicles from birth, are an odd quartet, the children of a father who devoted his life to exegeses of Dante, and who came to believe that the poet was in the room with him when he worked—and not just in spirit. Their house was full of Italian political exiles, poets, musicians, including Paganinni. Of the four, only William lived anything like a normal life, and he was considered stodgy by the family. Gabriel and Christina, the two "geniuses" became artists and poets, and melancholics. Maria, the eldest, entered an Anglican convent.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Gabriel lived on the vanguard of the PRB movement (Christina's influence was quieter. She had been rejected from the Brotherhood at the beginning because of her gender.) The artists and writers in the Brotherhood became highly religious and moralizing, taking the Virgin and the childhood of Christ as

"La Ghirlandata" (1873) by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

favorite themes, as well as the lore of Camelot. Their art was removed from the reality of a rapidly industrializing Britain in an attempt to return not to the love of Nature of the Romantics but to an uncorrupted spirituality, a simpler yet more enlightened world: in short, to the ideal of 14th-century Florence.

Yet many of them lived lives of real dissipation and intrigue. When they first exhibited their paintings at the Academy in 1849, they were greeted enthusiastically, but a year later they came under strong attack from Charles Dickens, and other more "realistic" artists. They gained the strong support of Ruskin, and quite a battle raged in the artistic circles of the day. In the center of this were the Rossettis.

A useful companion piece to Weintraub's excellent collective biography is James Harding's *The Pre-Raphaelites*, a beautifully produced volume of colorplates of the most famous PRB iconographic paintings, accompanied by a clear critical essay and biographical notes on the artists. In the plates of paintings a face familiar from Weintraub's book appears again and again: that of Lizzy Siddal, the doomed (naturally) wife of Gabriel Rossetti, whom he had plucked from a millinery shop when he fell in love with her austere beauty and copper colored hair. Together the two books provide quite a comprehensive picture of a curious chapter in British literary and artistic history.

Elizabeth Bowen: A Biography by Victoria Glendinning

(Knopf; $12.50)

The Anglo-Irish are, at best, a difficult group to describe, but in her biography of novelist Elizabeth Bowen, Victoria Glendinning succeeds as well as may be possible. The Anglo-Irish, especially its artists, seem to be a people living constantly on some thin line between the fey and the hardily practical. One family, the Lansdownes of Kerry, are hated to this day by the local Irish for cutting down all the trees a few generations ago. Today the Lansdownes keep their estate going by giving walking tours of its exotic arboretum. The 18th-century playwright Richard Sheridan, Glendinning tells us, once asked a guest to step into his garden because, "I want my roses to see you." Into this curious race Elizabeth Bowen fit perfectly: she entertained elegantly in London throughout the Blitz, only leaving her Regent's Park house when a V-2 blew the insides clean away. Then the entertaining kept up as bravely in a flat.

Elizabeth Bowen, novelist, wrote 28 books, innumerable articles, taught in England and the US, formed a London literary salon (her husband called them the "Black Hats" after the headgear they left hanging in her hall) that lasted through the War, and was passionately in love with a beautiful house in Ireland called Bowen's Court. Houses, in fact, figure centrally in many of her books. A typical irony is that when she sold the house, near the end of her life, it was demolished by the Irish developer who bought it. She has hoped that he would fill it with children, as an ancestor of hers had hoped to raise one child to look out of each lovely window in the place.

Her novels, one suspects, are not much read here nowadays, though they were published in the US by Alfred Knopf throughout her writing life. Only one, *The Death of the Heart* had much popular success here. The books are, like Virginia Woolf's, "difficult" in the sense that they are slow paced and extremely detailed. But they have a rewarding subtlety, whether concerned with the lives of children, as in *The House In Paris*, or the displacement and loneliness of modern life, as in *Eva Trout*. Only a few of her novels are readily available, and those through second hand book stores. In 1977, only *The Death of the Heart* was in print in the US. Perhaps this biography will inspire reprints. If so, it will serve as fitting appetizer for the feast to come.

Catherine O'Neill

TRB, *from page 3*

But he sounded remarkably like Greenspan when he called on Congress to help service business confidence. Why can't Congress pass an energy bill? he asked. The key economic element for the coming year, he said, is the President's energy bill. We are pouring billions into imported oil, and increasing the amount; we are continuing an unprecedented trade deficit, and unsettling the world and the dollar; and yet, he said, "America has no energy policy." The proud Ship of State is drifting. Surely Americans deserve better government than they get.

Bolling calls himself a "radical moderate." One thing the Humphrey-Hawkins bill would do, he said in passing, is to set up a kind of American five-year plan. The President's annual economic message to Congress would be based on five years, he noted. Then the Federal Reserve Board would be required to make a supplementary annual written report on how it proposed to support the President's five-year goals by monetary policies. A lot of reporters will believe this when they see it. Congress has made grandiose plans before. Involved here are three obstacles: long-range planning; a subordination of the Fed; and a degree of Congressional discipline that it has never yet shown.

Notes:

Bad news on inflation has revived talk of wage-price controls, voluntary or involuntary; the situation is out of hand, it is argued, and can be checked only by government intervention; Brookings will conduct a one-day seminar here next month, financed by the Ford Foundation, to listen to the tax-incentive control plan invented by Arthur M. Okun. . . . President Carter's human

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rights crusade keeps rolling along; for reasons never understood the Russians made startlingly specific pledges at the Helsinki conference in 1975; for the past 17 weeks, 35 nations at Belgrade have asked Moscow to give an account; the Russians won't, and can't, and have lost face; it has weakened dictators a wee bit, all over the world.

Correspondence, *from page 7*

as its ultimate aim has not done much to enhance the Turkish economy. Perhaps the Turks can be convinced to take a careful look at their social and economic shambles before they can expect the EEC to welcome them.

Sentences such as "The US embargo on arms to Turkey and the effort to force Turkey to make concessions to Greece" or "[Turks] express alarm at the immense voting majorities for Greece among the Third World nations in the UN" are distortions of the facts. It is well known by now that the US embargo on arms to Turkey was imposed not to force concessions to Greece but because Turkey violated the Foreign Military Assistance Act of 1961 by invading the Republic of Cyprus. The immense voting majorities in the UN are against the unlawful occupation of the Republic of Cyprus.

Last but not least is the reference in the article that "senior Turkish officers argue that Turkey would have no option but to launch a preemptive strike," in view of the growing strength of the Greek air forces. This contrived argument should be enough to convince the Carter administration and the Congress that placing arms in the hands of Turkish generals is indeed a very risky business, and hopefully also convince the Turkish people that once more their military is leading them to paths that they certainly should not want to take.

C. Michaelides
University City, Missouri

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Washington Diarist

School's Out

Last month I emerged from 22 consecutive years of formal education, all but the last one full time. I hope society is satisfied with the result, because it has given me every encouragement to pursue this extravagant course. It supported me through and past my physical and mental peak as I devoted myself to endeavors that benefit no one but me. And now, in my declining years, I can expect society to remunerate me at a level roughly reflecting the length of time I deprived it of my services. The American mania for extended schooling is an example of an entire society imprisoned by Thorstein Veblen's theory of conspicuous waste. Only a very rich and vainglorious nation would wish to squander human energies in the pursuit of diplomas the way ours does.

My gratitude for this lengthy dispensation from the obligation to pull my own weight is tempered by some unpleasant memories. People who long ago completed the great transformation from student to productive worker tend to recall their years at the fount of learning as comparing somewhat favorably to their present mundane condition. No doubt those who suffer the misfortune of working elsewhere than my own blissfully happy place of employment have sad stories to tell about the disadvantages of having to earn a living. But it is too easy to forget the peculiar horrors of student life. How many times over the years, do you suppose, does the average victim of American higher education glance at the clock while trapped in a lecture hall or classroom and yearn for time to move faster? The very best thing about being through with school, I think, is the end to those regular long periods of time trapped listening against my will, or not listening but unable to leave the room.

The second most horrible thing about student life, American-style, is its unnatural rhythm of crisis and release and crisis again. For a third of a lifetime normal experience stops periodically while some particular chunks of knowledge are absorbed then spewed out on exams.

All these horrors are magnified when the student life continues through people's twenties and even (have you visited a law school lately?) their thirties. Grown people with bald spots and children and other traditional signs of maturity—who, if they had been born into a different economic class, would have been working for half a generation already—squeeze into their assigned seats and wave their hands to let teacher know they've prepared. Between classes they stand around their lockers comparing grades and plotting academic strategies. Perhaps by the time they are 35 or so these people will be out wearing suits and bossing around other people who are not so thoroughly educated. No one will remember their recent abjection.

If school examinations are the commas and periods that punctuate student life, the mass multiple-choice exams administered by the Education Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey mark the transitions between paragraphs. Breaking the seal with the blunt end of a number-two pencil is an experience shared by practically every American under the age of 50. ETS exams begin in grade school. ETS now administers the qualifying exams for various professions, from fireman to lawyer. There is talk of standardized examinations for mid-career reassessment in some professions. This terrible idea is only the logical extension of the schooling mania. After two or three decades of being measured against artificial standards of accomplishment, it is unreasonable to expect the overeducated American to have any internal standards left. It is equally unreasonable to suppose that the sorts of occupations requiring advanced degrees lend themselves to the use of actual productivity as a measure of one's value to society. ETS's ideal, toward which we seem to be heading, would be a world in which our entire lives are spent preparing for examinations, whose scores determine to the penny what we get in return for that effort.

Who is right in the schism that has developed between the two great spiritual leaders of the secular age—*The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*—over the Haldeman book? Moral philosophers will be debating this question for centuries. Meanwhile, however, it is incumbent upon all of us who are tortured by the ethical dilemmas facing the news media (and who is not?) to labor toward our own conclusions, however tentative. My own opinion is that both institutions behaved impeccably. *The Washington Post* never has hidden its belief in the free market theory of journalism: it is the job of newspapers to publish whatever they can get their hands on, the job of everyone else to keep them from getting it, and the job of the first amendment to protect this arrangement. Now that the *Post* has applied this solemn principle to book publishing, I look forward to reading Saul Bellow's next novel, or however much of it Nancy Collins can steal, for 15 cents in the *Post* shortly before residents of cities with less resourceful newspapers are able to obtain it for $12 from publishers old-fashioned enough to pay royalties to the author. As for the *Times*, its performance has been an irreproachable example of corporate schizophrenia. Even as the *Times* editorial page was expressing skepticism about various of Haldeman's assertions, Times Books, Haldeman's official publisher, was running ads, also in the *Times*, showing a photo of Nixon and Haldeman, and declaring: "These two men knew everything. Finally one tells the whole truth." The ads contained blurbs from John Dean ("truthful and very telling") and—in a nice touch—*The Washington Post* ("adds new insights and facts"). Apparently the *Times* also believes in the free market: it is a book publisher's job to push its authors, and a newspaper's job to assess the news. It is hardly fair to hold a book publisher to a higher standard of integrity in advertising just because it's a subsidiary of a newspaper. Likewise, it's hardly fair to tar a newspaper with a book publishers' lies, just because the newspaper owns it. Meanwhile both the *Times* and the *Post* are said to be consulting their lawyers, but a lawsuit probably is too much to hope for.

In our issue of January 28, we published a report by Emily Yoffe on the world of Capitol Hill press secretaries. Much to our chagrin, one of the subjects was fired as a result. The victim was Alan Madison, press secretary to Representative Tom Downey of New York. Madison was indiscreet enough to reveal that part of his job involves trying to get Downey nationwide publicity—thereby suggesting (no doubt unfairly) that the 28-year-old *wunderkind* may have ambitions that go beyond the best possible representation of his current constitutents. For this Madison got the ax. Downey apparently feared that the episode would create bad publicity for him. He was right, and here it is.

M.E.K.

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Business and the rational mind, Part II

Doughnut-watching•The virtue of dissatisfaction•The egalitarian thrust

When it comes to evaluating the performance of the American economic system, it's hard to get some people to look at the substance. They get so hung up on shortcomings that they fail to discern accomplishments. Instead of comprehending the doughnut, they become fixated on the hole.

As a result, they come out almost totally negative and conclude that we ought to scrap the whole system and rebuild from scratch. In our view, this ignores the extraordinary benefits that our system—perhaps best called "democratic capitalism"—has produced for the ordinary person over the years. It also ignores the question of what to substitute for the most dynamic, most egalitarian, and most productive system in history, despite all its obvious flaws.

We don't feel any theological attachment to the American economic system. Certainly it can be improved. And this is exactly the point: The system has improved throughout the past 200 years, no matter how unevenly, is still improving, and seems likely to keep on improving if given a chance.

The best way to gauge any system's improvement is, of course, to monitor its performance.

If you look only at the hole, you'll find that both unemployment and inflation in the U.S. are still far higher than any of us would like.

But if you look at the doughnut over the 10 years through 1977—a decade that encompassed the Vietnam war, the oil embargo, and other afflictions—you'll find this: The number of people employed in this country increased well over twice as fast as our population did.

And, as Ben Wattenberg points out in his book *The Real America,* family income in the U.S., after adjusting for inflation, has doubled in a generation, and the steady upward movement of median family income in our country has created a "massive majority middle class ... something that has never happened before anywhere..."

This is not to say any of us should be complacent. On the contrary, healthy and informed dissatisfaction with the status quo has underlain much of our country's progress. But this constant progress itself has created problems: By performing economic miracles, the system has created enormous expectations and a growing desire for instant gratification of those expectations.

The key to this dilemma is partly one of timing: Our system is indeed able to work wonders when it is allowed to operate within rational, realistic timetables for change and with minimal government intervention. The problem often lies in expecting too much too soon, and this in turn often leads to well-meaning but misguided government intervention, which does more harm than good.

Most of the critics of our system agree that it is wondrously productive, though they are reluctant to comprehend that material wealth is indispensable if a society is to support such essentials as health care, education, and other social services. They fault the system on "moral" or other grounds—including, sometimes, esthetics. And they focus disproportionately on the short-term malfunctions that punctuate the system's long-term performance.

At least part of the carping at our economic system is sheer intellectual faddism; it's easier to criticize than to learn the basics of economics, which can require one to overcome deeply rooted biases. Many elitists seem to feel that in the long run our country will be better off if the decisions are made by a select few rather than by the masses of people. Since our economic system is essentially egalitarian in its thrust, elitists often appear to fear and distrust it.

Being egalitarian, the system naturally develops a constituency that is large and loyal, even if not as vocal as those bent on remaking society in their own image. If left unchecked, this tendency of people to think for themselves will almost inevitably strengthen both our economic and political systems.

This is a prospect we find it easy to live with. We believe that over any reasonable period of time the American people, no matter how much they criticize their economic system, will devote themselves more to appreciating the doughnut than to denouncing the hole in it.

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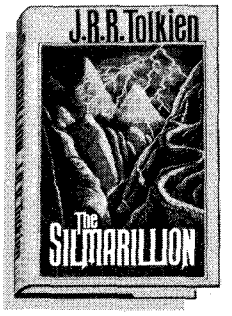

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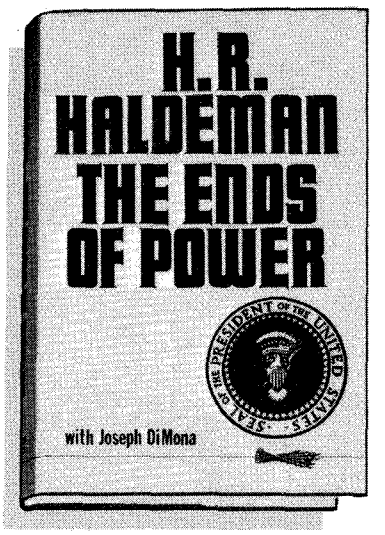

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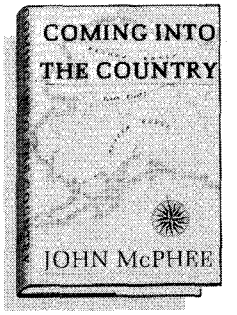

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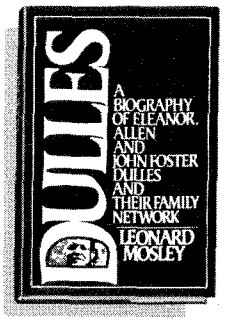

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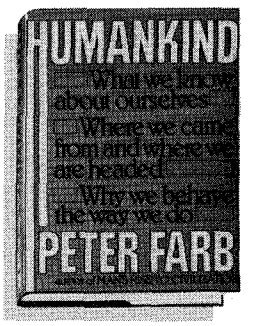

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